



Index
1901





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THE INDEX.

VOLUME XXXI.



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
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DECEMBER, 1899.

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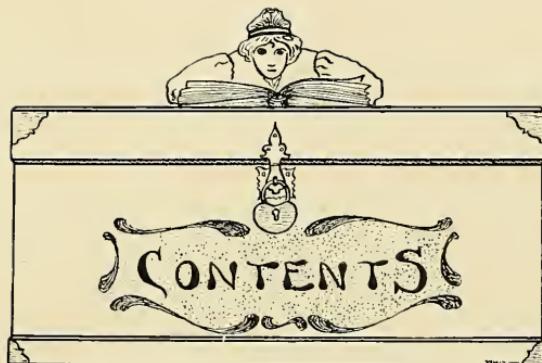
UNIV. OF MASS.
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*We affectionately dedicate our volume
to him whom, as a friend,
as an instructor, and as a gentleman,
we hold in the highest esteem.*

PROFESSOR RICHARD S. LULL.



RICHARD SWANN LULL.



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*We've hunted through mystics and science,
We've searched over troublesome lore,
We've questioned, we've stormed, and we've worried,
Only to worry the more.*

*We've roasted full many an innocent,
We've chuckled and laughed in our glee,
But now comes our turn at the anvil,
And, reader, our fate is with thee.*

Richard Swann Lull.

HE subject of this brief sketch was born at Annapolis, Md., on the 6th of November, 1867. Mr. Lull is the son of Captain E. P. Lull, U. S. N., surveyor of the Nicaragua canal-route. It is interesting to note that the canal-route selected by the United States government, and destined in time to be equal in importance to the famous Suez canal, was first surveyed and reported on favorably by Captain Lull.

Richard S. Lull received his preparatory education at the New Jersey State Model School of Trenton, N. J., and entered Rutgers College in the fall of 1888 as a student of the Scientific course. After being out of college for nearly a year, he returned, taking up the regular Biological course, and was graduated with the Class of 1893. A few weeks after his graduation, June, 1893, Mr. Lull was appointed Scientific Field-Agent, Division of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, and stationed at the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station, College Park, Md. This office he held for a little over six months, when, on January 1st, 1894, he resigned to accept his present position of Assistant Professor of Zoölogy at this college. In June, 1899, he was appointed Curator of the Zoölogical Museum, and in September, 1899, was elected Registrar of the College.

Wishing to still further pursue the study of biology, Mr. Lull took a post-graduate course at Rutgers College, and received the degree of Master of Science in June, 1896. The year following he spent the summer in studying at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island.

Professor Lull is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a corresponding member of the Microscopical Society of New Jersey, and of the Entomological Society of Washington. He was also a member of the expedition to Wyoming sent out by the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, American Museum of Natural History, N. Y., to collect fossil remains of extinct Dinosaurs. A short account of this expedition will be found on another page of the "Index."

Professor Lull has always been very popular at M. A. C., having won the hearts of the students by his painstaking interest in their welfare, by his courteous manner, and by his devotion to athletics. Mr. Lull is an athlete of no mean ability, having distinguished himself at Rutgers as a hammer-thrower and as a football-player. He has always shown a deep interest in track-athletics, and it was mainly through his efforts that the track-team of last spring was organized.

The College feels proud that it has on its Faculty a man of such high character, and who is such an energetic worker as Richard S. Lull.

The Board of Editors.

*•

ALEXANDER CAVASSA WILSON,
Editor-in-Chief.

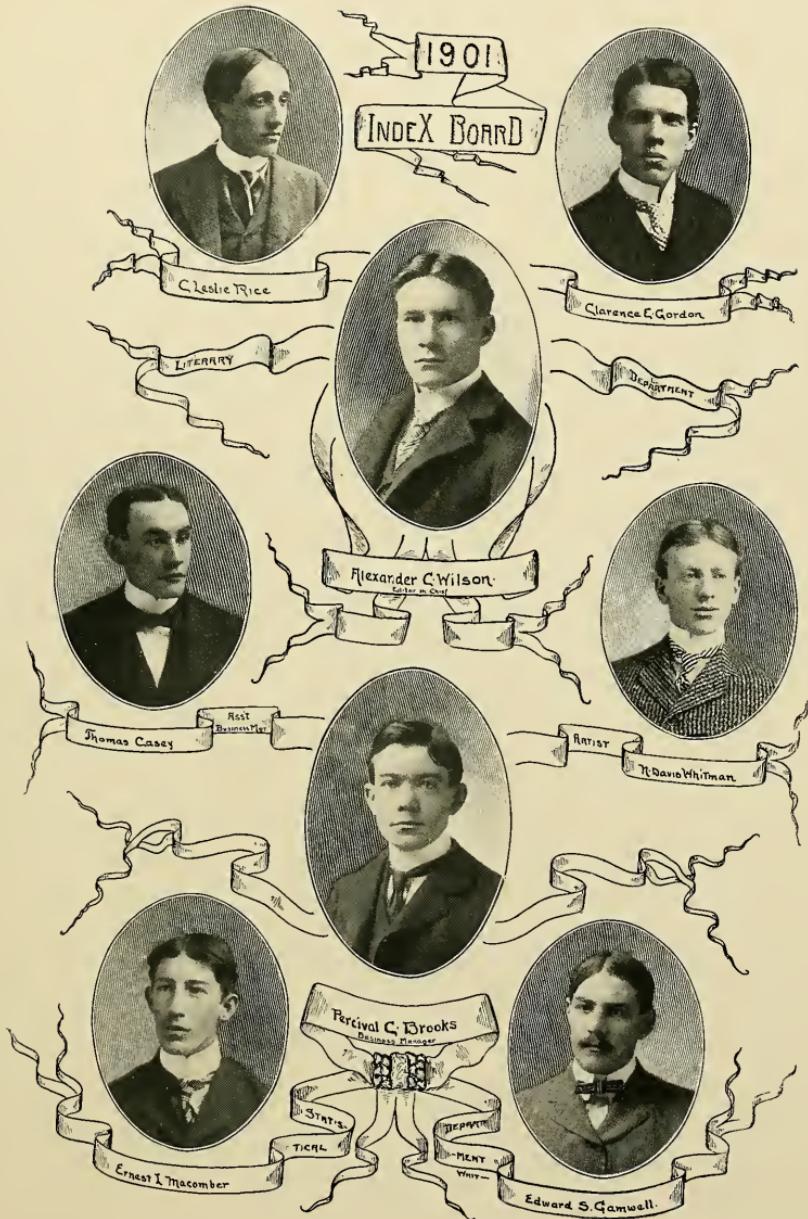
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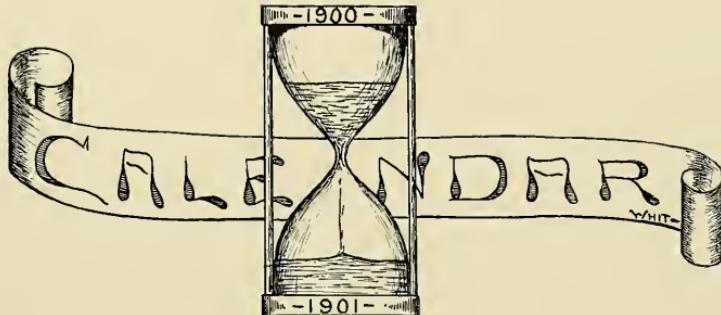
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1900.

Wednesday, January 3rd,	Winter term begins.
Thursday, March 22nd,	Winter term closes.
Wednesday, April 4th,	Spring term begins.
Wednesday, June 20th,	Commencement.
Thursday, September 6th,	Fall term begins.
Thursday, December 20th,	Fall term closes.

1901.

Wednesday, January 9th,	Winter term begins.
Thursday, March 28th,	Winter term closes.

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HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR ROGER WOLCOTT,
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WILLIAM WHEELER, of Concord	1901
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J. D. W. FRENCH of Boston	1906

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WILLIAM WHEELER.

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Board of Overseers.

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

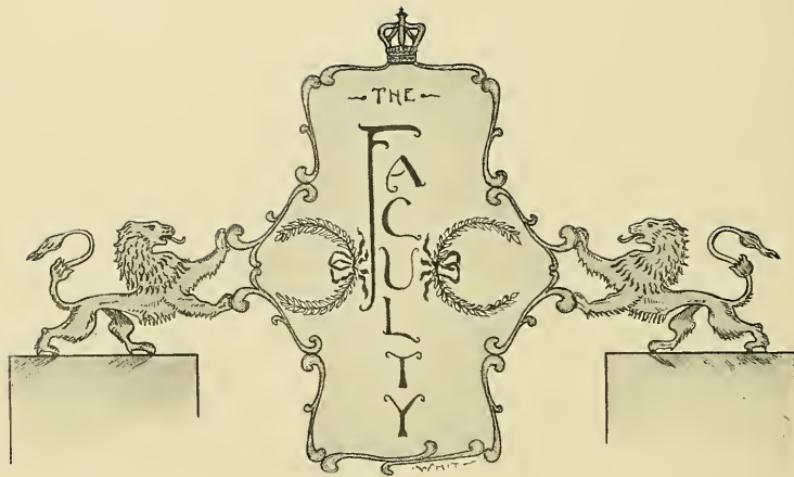


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WESLEY B. BARTON, of Dalton.

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C. K. BREWSTER, of Worthington.



HENRY H. GOODELL, M. A., LL. D.,

President of the College, and Professor of Modern Languages and English Literature; also Director of the Hatch Experiment Station.

Amherst College, 1862. Ψ . Y. LL. D., Amherst College, 1891. Instructor in Williston Seminary, 1864-'67. Professor of Modern Languages and English Literature at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1867. President of the College since 1886.

LEVI STOCKBRIDGE,

Professor of Agriculture (Honorary).

As a member of the Board of Agriculture, he did his best to induce the Legislature to accept the original grant of Congress for the establishing of an Agricultural College in each state. In 1866 he was invited to take charge of the College property, and in November commenced operations. Instructor in Agriculture at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1867-'68. Professor of Agriculture, 1868-'82, and also 1888-'89. Acting President, 1876-'77, and again in 1879. President, 1880-'82.

CHARLES A. GOESSMANN, PH. D., LL. D.,

Professor of Chemistry, and Chemist for the Hatch Experiment Station.

University of Göttingen, 1853, with degree Ph.D., LL.D., Amherst College, 1889. Assistant Chemist, University of Göttingen, 1852-'57. Chemist and manager of a Philadelphia Sugar Refinery, traveling extensively in Cuba and the South, in the interests of the Sugar Industry, 1857-'61. Chemist to Onondaga Salt Company, 1861-'68; during that time investigating the salt resources of the United States and Canada. Professor of Chemistry, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, 1862-'64. Director Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, 1882-'94. Professor of Chemistry, Massachusetts Agricultural College, since 1888. Since 1884 has been Analyst for State Board of Health.

SAMUEL T. MAYNARD, B. S.,

Professor of Horticulture, and Horticulturist for the Hatch Experiment Station.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1872. Associate Professor of Horticulture, Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1874-'79. Professor of Botany and Horticulture, and Instructor of Microscopy and Drawing at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1879-'95. Professor of Horticulture at Massachusetts Agricultural College since June, 1895.

CHARLES WELLINGTON, B. S., PH. D.,

Associate Professor of Chemistry.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1873. D. G. K. Graduate student in Chemistry, Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1873-'76. Student in University of Virginia, 1876-'77. Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1885. Assistant Chemist, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., 1876. First Assistant Chemist, Department of Agriculture, 1877-'82. Associate Professor of Chemistry at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1885.

CHARLES H. FERNALD, M. A., PH. D.,

Professor of Zoölogy, and Entomologist for Hatch Experiment Station.

Bowdoin College, 1865. Ph. D., Maine State College, 1886. Studied in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and under Louis Agassiz on Penobscot Island. Also traveled extensively in Europe, studying insects in various museums. Principal of Litchfield Academy, 1865. Principal of Houlton Academy, 1865-'70. Chair of Natural History, Maine State College, 1871-'86. Professor of Zoölogy at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1886.

REV. CHARLES S. WALKER, PH. D.,

Professor of Mental and Political Science, and Secretary of the Faculty; also College Chaplain.

Yale University, 1867. Ph. B. K. M. A. and B. D., Yale University, 1870. Ph. D., Amherst College, 1885. Professor of Mental and Political Science, and Chaplain at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1886.

WILLIAM P. BROOKS, B. S., PH. D.,

Professor of Agriculture, and Agriculturist for Hatch Experiment Station.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1875. Ph. S. K. Post-Graduate Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1875-'76. Professor of Agriculture and Director of Farm, Imperial College of Agriculture, Sapporo, Japan, 1877-'78; also Professor of Botany, 1881-'88. Acting President, Imperial College, 1880-'83, and 1886-'87. Professor of Agriculture at Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Agriculturist for the Hatch Experiment Station since January, 1889. Ph. D., Halle, 1897.

GEORGE F. MILLS, M. A.,

Professor of English.

Williams College, 1862. A. A. Ph. Associate Principal of Greylock Institute, 1862-'82. Principal of Greylock Institute, 1882-'89. Professor of Latin and English at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1890-'96. Professor of English at Massachusetts Agricultural College since June, 1896.

JAMES B. PAIGE, B. S., D. V. S.,

Professor of Veterinary Science, and Veterinarian for the Hatch Experiment Station.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1882. Q. T. V. On farm at Prescott, 1882-'87. D. V. S., Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science, McGill University, 1888. Practiced at Northampton, 1888-'91. Professor of Veterinary Science at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1891. Took course in Pathological and Bacteriological Department, McGill University, summer 1891. Took course at Veterinary School in Munich, Germany, 1895-'96.

JOHN E. OSTRANDER, A. M., C. E.,

Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

A. B. and C. E., Union College, 1886; A. M., 1889. Assistant on Sewer Construction, West Troy, N. Y., 1886; Assistant on Construction, Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry., 1887. Draughtsman with Phenix Bridge Co., 1887. Assistant in Engineering Department, New York State Canals, 1888-'91. Instructor in Civil Engineering, Lehigh University, 1891-'92. Engineer for Contractor, Alton Bridge, summer of 1892. Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanic Arts, University of Idaho, 1892-'97. Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers, Member American Institute of Mining Engineers, Member Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering at the Massachusetts Agricultural College since July, 1897.

GEORGE E. STONE, B. S., Ph. D.,

Professor of Botany, and Botanist for the Hatch Experiment Station.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1882-'84. Ph. S. K. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1884-'89. In the summer of 1890 had charge of the Botany Classes at the Worcester Summer School. Leipsic University, 1891-'92, Ph.D. Studied in the Physiological Laboratory of Clark University, 1893. Assistant Professor of Botany at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1893-'95. Professor of Botany at Massachusetts Agricultural College since July, 1895. B. S., Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1897.

W. M. WRIGHT,

First Lieutenant, Second Infantry, U. S. A., Professor of Military Science.

Attended United States Military Academy, 1882-'83. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Second Infantry, Jan. 19, 1885. Has served in Idaho, Washington, and Nebraska. Graduated from Infantry and Cavalry School for Officers at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in June, 1891. Appointed Regimental Adjtant, May, 1892. Professor of Military Science at Massachusetts Agricultural College since August, 1896. At present serving in Cuba.

HERMAN BABSON, M. A.,

Assistant Professor of English.

Amherst College, 1893. X. Y., A. B. Amherst College, 1896, M. A. Assistant Professor of English at Massachusetts Agricultural College since June, 1893.

FRED S. COOLEY, B. S.,

Assistant Professor of Agriculture.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1888. Ph. S. K. Teacher in public school at North Amherst, 1888-'89. Assistant Agriculturist at Hatch Experiment Station, 1889-'90.

Farm Superintendent at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1890-'93. Assistant Professor of Agriculture at Massachusetts Agricultural College since 1893.

RICHARD S. LULL, M. S.,

Assistant Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology.

Rutgers College, 1893. X. Y., B. S. Rutgers College, 1896, M. S. Special Agent, Scientific Field Corps, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Entomology, 1893. Assistant Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology at Massachusetts Agricultural College since January, 1894. Member of expedition to Wyoming sent out by American Museum of Natural History.

RALPH E. SMITH, B. S.,

Assistant Professor of Botany and German.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1894. Φ. Σ. K. Instructor in German and Botany at Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1894-'95. Assistant Professor of Botany and German since July, 1895. Student in Germany, 1898.

PHILIP B. HASBROUCK, B. S.,

Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Rutgers College, 1893. X. Y. Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Massachusetts Agricultural College since April, 1895.

S. FRANCIS HOWARD, B. S.,

Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1894. Φ. Σ. K. Principal of Eliot, Me., High School, 1895. Student of Philosophy Johns Hopkins University, 1896-'98. Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Massachusetts Agricultural College since September, 1899.

BERNARD H. SMITH, B. S.,

Assistant in Chemistry.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1899. C. S. C.

ROBERT W. LYMAN, LL. B.,

Lecturer on Farm Law.

ELLA FRANCES HALL,

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Graduate of Amherst College School of Library Economy, 1897. Librarian at Massachusetts Agricultural College since June, 1899.



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Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

I. TISDALE TALBOT, M. D.,
Dean of the School of Medicine.

-THE-

CLASSES



Senior Class, 1900.



Class Yell.

Hip-su! Rah-su! Sis-boom-bah!
1900! Rah! Rah! Rah!



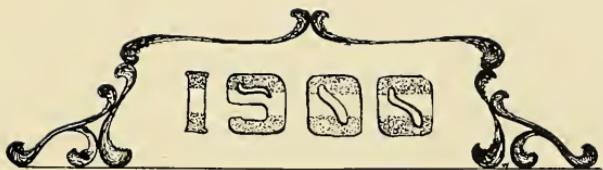
Class Colors.

Purple and Old Gold.



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FRANK HOWARD BROWN,	.	.	<i>President.</i>
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EDWARD TAYLOR HULL,	.	.	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE FREEMAN PARMENTER,	.	.	<i>Class Captain.</i>
MORRIS BERNARD LANDERS,	.	.	<i>Historian.</i>
MARK HAYES MUNSON,	.	.	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>



Class History.



HEN a class is called upon for the last time to enumerate its victories, to recount its adventures, and to tell again the story of its daring deeds, it can comprehend only to a limited extent the magnitude of the task which it is about to undertake. As it glances at the footprints left in the tortuous path over which it has traveled, it is amazed at the changes which have occurred. Footprints which once seemed printed for all time in the solid rock are now visible only with difficulty. Thus it is with the deeds that once seemed covered with unfading glory; now they are forgotten. They served a purpose, but the remembrance of them was shortlived. As we view these deeds in the light of after events, they become only sorrowful memories of the past.

What is the mission of the final historian? In summing up the events which have constituted our career, this question presents itself to us: Is it for him to tell of rope-pulls won, or of victorious rushes? No, for visible evidence of these can still be seen upon the anatomy of our opponents.

Is it for him to tell of the struggles and victories of sidewalk-artists? No, for the old tower standing a sombre sentinel of the night has seen these victories, and now when the shivering Freshman crouches in the darkness near the back-stop, she cheers him up with the tales of these exploits.

Is it for him to tell of the midnight rides behind dear old Bishop? No, it is now too late to repeat the story of these rides, for Bishop has "fallen on evil days," and Allen is no longer at hand with picklock and hammer.

The Will-o'-the-wisp no longer delights in startling the skaters, or breaking in upon nocturnal revelers. The goal-posts no longer bear their yearly burden. The chapel-bell no longer breaks the stillness of the night, awaking the slumberers to the enthusiastic demonstration of campus orators. To none of these things can the historian turn for an inspiration. They are

buried in the past. But arising from them come ideas which have changed the whole course of events here at college, and from this changed condition of affairs comes the inspiration that guides the historian's pen.

The leading events which have characterized the first few years of our college life, have been sufficiently touched upon by previous historians. Last year we were confronted with a Freshman class which as Juniors we felt in duty bound to patronize. The precocious youngsters, however, had such a high conception of their own abilities, and showed so little appreciation of our efforts, that we were obliged to abandon them to a fate that has dealt none too tenderly with them. The following expresses the hopelessness of the task which we had undertaken:

One day a piece of pudding-stone
 Rolled down a mountain side,
Breaking the saplings on its way,
 Unto a valley wide.

It stopped before a sculptor's door.
 The sculptor viewed the stone,
Crying, oh! what an endless task
 I have here all alone.

To hew from this a graceful form,
 Can never be my work;
Yet will I undertake the task,
 Not one hour will I shirk.

He chiseled off a jagged edge,
 But disappointment then;
The more he cut away outside,
 The worse it looked within.

Another blow, another edge,
 The chips flew wide apart,
Though skillful he as man could be,
 In vain he plied his art.

At length worn out from ceaseless toil,
 He laid his mallet down,
And went back to his daily work—
 This sculptor of renown.

Feeling that there were a great many matters in which the Faculty could not act, we decided that the student body should themselves take these things in hand. Aided by 1901, we organized a college senate, the workings of which body are too well known to need mention. We sincerely hope that after we have left it, this organization shall continue to exert the same influence which it does at present, in suppressing anything detrimental to the welfare of the College.

As a class we have grown more quiet recently, and the dignity of our changed position has hushed the buoyant exclamations of good feeling that were wont to rush to our lips when we met each other. The progress of time has made many changes in the characters and peculiarities of our individual members. Morton has become a hopeless polyglot, and can "think chemically" in several languages. George Freeman intends to be a "horse-doctor." Mark has changed his ideas somewhat, and no longer intends to be president. At present he represents the class at cattle-shows, and delights in the acquaintance of abnormal tight-rope performers. Mony still keeps the weather factory running, and at regular intervals he publishes an almanac, in which he foretells the coming of the seasons and the recurrence of Sundays. He is very much interested in a small box situated on the edge of the campus, and can be seen going there at odd times daily. As he has been noticed flourishing a palmleaf-fan near the door of his box, it is taken for granted that he is experimenting with wireless telegraphy.

We might discuss many other celebrities whom we have among us, and find a great many points in which they, too, excel ordinary mortals, but we must pass from the light and trivial to the serious. We are nearing the close of our career as students, and in a short time we shall be known to the College only as alumni. But in this capacity we should be prepared to repay our Alma Mater for what she has done for us. As we go away from these associations, we, more than anyone else, should be fully alive to what the College needs, and we should do our utmost to have these needs supplied.

Let's join our hands together, boys,
Let laughter loud ring out;
Let's make the echoes of the night
With song and merry shout;
Let other classes profit by
The lessons we have taught;
And follow close behind us
In the path of Naughty-Naught.

L



Members.

ATKINS, EDWIN KELLOGG	North Amherst.
Home. D. G. K. Artist 'oo INDEX.	
BAKER, HOWARD	Dudley.
Dr. Stone's. C. S. C. President Y. M. C. A. Flint Six.	
BROWN, FRANK HOWARD	Newton Center.
D. G. K. House. D. G. K. Track-Team. President Boarding Club.	
CAMPBELL, MORTON ALFRED	Townsend.
Stockbridge House. C. S. C.	
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Mr. Nash's. D. G. K. Football-Team. Manager Baseball-Team.	
CRANE, HENRY LEWIS	Westwood.
Mrs. Gilbert's. Φ. Σ. K. Track-Team.	
FELCH, PERCY FLETCHER	Worcester.
Mrs. Baker's. C. S. C. Choir.	
FROST, ARTHUR FORRESTER	So. Monmouth, Me.
Mrs. Baker's. C. S. C.	
GILBERT, RALPH DAVIS	Gilead, Conn.
Mrs. Gilbert's. C. S. C.	
HALLIGAN, JAMES EDWARD	Roslindale.
Mr. Thompson's. D. G. K. Captain Football-Team. Baseball-Team. <i>Aggie Life</i> .	
HARMON, ARTHUR ATTWELL	Chelmsford.
Hatch Exp. Station. C. S. C.	
HULL, EDWARD TAYLOR	Westport, Conn.
Mr. Nash's. C. S. C. Flint Six.	
KELLOGG, JAMES WILLIAM	Amherst.
130 Pleasant Street. Φ. Σ. K. Manager Banjo Club.	
LANDERS, MORRIS BERNARD	Belchertown.
D. G. K. House. D. G. K. Editor-in-Chief <i>Aggie Life</i> . Track-Team.	

LEWIS, JAMES FRANCIS	Fairhaven.
Mr. Church's. Φ. Σ. K.	
MONAHAN, ARTHUR COLEMAN	So. Framingham.
Tower. C. S. C. Flint Six. Editor-in-Chief '00 INDEX. Observer, Hatch Exp.	
Station. <i>Aggie Life.</i>	
MORRILL, AUSTIN WINFIELD	Tewksbury.
8 S. C. Φ. Σ. K. <i>Aggie Life.</i>	
MUNSON, MARK HAYES	Westfield.
Mr. Fenton's. C. S. C.	
PARMENTER, GEORGE FREEMAN	Dover.
17 S. C. Φ. Σ. K. Business Manager <i>Aggie Life.</i>	
STANLEY, FRANCIS GUY	Springfield.
2 N. C. Q T. V. Football-Team. Flint Six. Leader Banjo Club.	
WEST, ALBERT MERRILL	Holbrook.
12 N. C. Φ. Σ. K.	



Junior Class, 1901.

*•

Class Yell.

Hullabaloo! Hooray! Hooray!
Hullabaloo! Hooray! Hooray!
Ra! Re! Ri-Ro-Rum!
Aggie College! Naughty-One!

*•

Class Colors.

Olive-Green and Orange.

*•

Officers.

EDWARD STEPHEN GAMWELL,	<i>President.</i>
ERNEST LESLIE MACOMBER,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
JAMES HENRY CHICKERING,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
CHARLES LESLIE RICE,	<i>Class Captain.</i>
CLARENCE EVERETT GORDON,	<i>Historian.</i>
DANA SANFORD BERNARD GREELEY,	<i>Class Physician.</i>
PERCIVAL CUSHING BROOKS,	<i>Class Undertaker.</i>
NATHAN JUSTIN HUNTING,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>



Class History.

A

MEMOIR of that strange band of fellows, a class in college, may be made a very characteristic one; for while the slide from one year to another is so silent as hardly to be apparent, it is at the same time a marked transition.

The Freshman having passed through that dark and gloomy chaos of the first two months, is once more filled with hope, and opens up his heart to a ray of sunshine. The future presents itself to his fancy as one glorious prospect; he sees the sun rising from the dark abyss of September and October, and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. But the day is not yet spent, my boy. However, do not lose courage; be hopeful and patient, for all things come to him who waits.

Then, there is the Soph. Alas! what may be said of him? To paraphrase the sage:

"Hard on the Soph sits fast his fate,
To mold his fortune mean or great."

The persecuted Soph becomes the cynosure of all the Faculty eyes, which diligently watch him lest some mischief he shall commit. Is it any wonder that he sometimes gets down in the mouth?

The Soph is a conglomeration of many things. In him you will find a strangely contrasted mixture of hope and despair, of down-trodden innocence and pure, unadulterated deviltry, of complacency and passion, of timidity and fearlessness, of folly and wisdom, mixed all together with a huge amount of noise. If you search carefully you will find all these qualities incorporated in his history. Not until the end of the year is this heterogeneous combination of extremes redeemed. Nor is anyone more glad than he that, at last, he has become a candidate for promotion. What is the final message of the Soph? With an eye to the Freshman, as ever, he says:

"Oh, happy Freshman, you may smile,
But sure as heav'n and earth exist,
You'll take your place upon the list,
And wear the dunce-cap for awhile."

Now what about the Junior? The Junior is all right. He's arrogant, you say. Has he not a right to be? He can solve a triangle in a night, can give you the length of a Gunter's chain, can show you how to score a zero, and more, can give you a well-rounded period when he's mad, if nobody's round. He has won his spurs in the tournaments on the campus; and has become the full realization of the knight and the scholar. Pay heed, therefore, to what the Junior tells you; 'tis out of a vast experience that he speaks.

Now, for the home run, for such is the last year of college-life. What about the Senior? Happily this chap doesn't burden himself too heavily with his own private plans, but becomes a kind and benevolent father to the great family over which Providence has placed him, and gives of his experience for the good of all. Thus is the year filled up with pleasant duties. As the last year of his college-life draws to a close, his mind goes back through the years that he has spent within these walls. As he gives himself over to revery, from out the past stalk forth the ghosts of many a long-forgotten day; over his soul there comes a flood of memories, his voice is choked, his eyes are filled with tears. Then it is that the student realizes what all the four years of life at college mean to him. What do you suppose he is thinking about at such a time? Listen to the message of the Senior: "Make your friendships such that they shall form the pleasantest memories of your college days; they will make your life happier and better when you go out into the world, and they will keep forever fresh what should be one of the brightest portions of your life."

In Chapel one morning, one of our Professors said: "I understand that one of our illustrious classes is to have a dinner before long." Now this gentleman understands us, and we have given him the honor which he deserves.

I do not think it will be necessary to extenuate this article into the corpulent dimensions of an historical monstrosity to prove that this gentleman

knew what he was talking about, and we will let the facts speak for themselves. The reader must remember that we have defined our terms; arrogance for the Junior is permissible.

It was on one of the last days of autumn that we rushed the pigskin against the Freshies, and all the campus was afloat. Prof. Lull showed up in his great coat and big boots to watch the boys swim. Our eleven turned out in their bathing-suits to enjoy the balmy shower—it was a bleak November day—and to watch the Freshmen hustle to get the ball beyond our line. The Freshies were a little slow about getting out, but at last they appeared like a flock of sheep and made a disordered break for the mud-flat. Then the fun began. How they puffed, and struggled, and slipped in the slimy mud, trying to knock down our bulwarks, need not be told. It was all in vain. After a noble struggle the Freshies gave up the task and withdrew. The Sophs huddled together and gave a lusty cheer as the discomfited band went off the field. Could well afford to, you say? Yes, but that's the point. We win, and the event slides quietly into the illustrious history of the Class of Naughty-One.

This was the last stirring event of the season. Soon winter came down upon us; the fences were buried and all the old landmarks obliterated by the heavy snow of the great November storm. As we groped our way among the snow-drifts, on returning from Thanksgiving recess, the goal-posts loomed up grim and spectral, reminding us of the departed autumn and telling of the long winter evenings to come. Two of our number, Dick and his wife, concluded not to return till the winter term. The rest of us got down to plugging for exams, and finally, if not before, we jumped the town.

Of the short vacation, of its many pleasant memories, all that may be told may be more easily imagined. It soon passed away, and with its early expiration we straggled back to Aggie, filled with deep longings for the things left behind, and with New Year resolutions for good, hard work.

Most of us turned over the same old leaf again, and "each pursued his favorite phantom as before."

The subject of Work we began at once to discuss with Professor Ostrander, who gave us many good points; but it was not until the end of the term that we fully grasped what he meant.

Besides Mechanics we also studied the skeleton in the room where the sun rises and sets. The one thing we learned of profit under the genial Doctor was how, by holding one's forehead on the handle of an umbrella, the other end of which rested on the floor, and by chasing oneself around the umbrella, one could get a cheap jag. This caused some noise and fun, but soon lost its savor because the boys had no taste for it.

Then, too, Dr. Flint kept us wondering, and guessing, and fretting what we knew about his subject, and this kept us a little busier than usual. All in

all, we had a pretty busy term, so that the boys did not get much time to sleep, much less for outside things.

And that makes me think, I believe there was such a thing as basket-ball during the winter months, but as this isn't very much of a game I won't dwell longer on the subject.

The end of the term found us all alive and sick. Easter vacation brought back our strength again, and in the balmy month of April we landed once more on the old familiar sward. We celebrated our happy reunion, after the severe struggle of the winter, by a class-dinner, which proved a most enjoyable occasion.

When in the course of human events it seems necessary to start some new movement, it requires enterprise to set the ball to rolling. Thus it came about that the Class of Naughty-One inaugurated the Sophomore-dinner. We trust that this will become an annual custom, and that future classes will reap abundant fruits as did we.

A class-dinner is not a thing of a day. It has a power to weld a class into a unity that lasts not only for a summer, and serves to bring the class together again at its close, but which is of a deep and more abiding character.

Along the latter part of the term we met the Freshmen on the diamond and showed them how to play base-ball. They knew a little more about the game than we anticipated, but we managed to give them a few points and, of course, to carry off the game.

Then where was Naughty-One in the famous Dual Meet? My land, though, wasn't that a winner! Fifty-four points for a total, and against Williston, forty-three. There's a score which justifies a swelled head at any time. Nothing more remaining to be done, we packed up our duds and went home.

Fat got stuck in Horticulture for being sassy, but I guess he bluffed it through all right.

Summer had come again. A few short days and it was gone. We returned to college to greet an entering class of huge dimensions. We coached them up and they knocked the Sophs into the middle of the following week, and also managed to hold their own on the Botanic Walk.

We now found it necessary to leave the Freshmen for awhile and turn our attention to matters of graver moment. What was our surprise upon returning from vacation to find Aggie metamorphosed into a university, with Carhart as the bugbear for a half a year or more.

There was a cry voluminous,
The room with echoes rang.
And down upon the floor there came
Old Carhart with a bang.

We cannot understand the man,
Or memorize his rules,
Or comprehend his megalergs,
Or learn his blasted joules.

"You'll have to," was the calm reply,
Their cry went up in vain;
Away in deathless silence died
The steps like drops of rain.

The morrow came as usual,
And with it as before,
The boys showed up as usual—
And will forevermore.

Yes, we showed up as usual, for we have come to see the "necessary end." We have boasted our prowess of former days; we have lingered with pleasure over the memories of other years; we have watched our sun approach its zenith. Now, we must cast our eyes toward the horizon, for the day of our college life is closing. Our sun is passed its meridian, and we must seriously enter upon the work of life.



Members.

BARRY, JOHN CORNELIUS	Hadley.
Home. D, G. K. Baseball-Team. Football-Team. Track-Team.	
BRIDGEFORTH, GEORGE RUFFIM	Westmoreland, Ala.
101 N. Pleasant St. C. S. C. Football-Team.	
BROOKS, PERCIVAL CUSHING	Brockton.
Prof. Brooks'. Φ. Σ. K. Business Manager 1901 INDEX. Track-Team.	
CASEY, THOMAS	Fitchburg.
10 N. C. Q. T. V. Assistant Business Manager 1901 INDEX.	
CHICKERING, JAMES HENRY	Dover.
Plant House. Φ. Σ. K. Secretary and Treasurer Boarding Club. Football-Team.	
Track-Team. Reading-room Director.	
CLARKE, GEORGE CROWELL	Winthrop.
Vet. Lab. Q. T. V.	
COOKE, THEODORE FREDERIC	Austerlitz, N. Y.
Stockbridge House. C. S. C. Football-Team. Track-Team.	
DAWSON, WILLIAM ALUCIUS	Worcester.
28 N. C. C. S. C. Track-Team.	
DICKERMAN, WILLIAM CARLTON	Taunton.
7 S. C. Φ. Σ. K. Track-Team. Glee Club. Choir. Assistant Manager Baseball-Team. Burnham Four.	
GAMWELL, EDWARD STEPHEN	Pittsfield.
Mr. Thompson's. C. S. C. 1901 INDEX Board. Football-Team. Manager Track-Team. First Prize Burnham Four.	
GORDON, CLARENCE EVERETT	Clinton.
Mr. Nash's. C. S. C. 1901 INDEX Board. <i>Aggie Life</i> . Secretary and Treasurer M. A. C. R. R. A.	
GRAVES, THADDEUS, JR.	Hatfield.
10 S. C. Φ. Σ. K. Leader Choir. Captain Baseball-Team. Track-Team. Glee Club. Banjo Club. Burnham Four.	

GREELEY, DANA SANFORD BERNARD							East Foxboro.
Mrs. Baker's.	C. S. C.	<i>Aggie Life.</i>	Banjo Club.				
GURNEY, VICTOR HENRY							Forge Village.
Mrs. Gilbert's.	Φ. Σ. K.						
HENRY, JOHN BUEL							Scitico, Conn.
Mr. Wentzell's.	D. G. K.	Banjo Club.					
HOWARD, JOHN HERBERT							Westford.
Mrs. Gilbert's.	Φ. Σ. K.						
HUNTING, NATHAN JUSTIN							Shutesbury.
Hatch Exp. Station.	C. S. C.						
LESLIE, CHARLES THOMAS							Pittsfield.
Mr. Thompson's.	C. S. C						
MACOMBER, ERNEST LESLIE							Taunton.
7 S. C.	Φ. Σ. K.	1901 INDEX Board.	Track-Team.				
OVALLE, JULIO MOISES BARROS							Santiago de Chili.
Halleck St.	D. G. K.						
PIERSON, WALLACE ROGERS							Cromwell, Conn.
3 S. C.	D. G. K.	Football-Team.					
ROGERS, WILLIAM BERRY							Winchendon.
19 S. C.	Q. T. V.	Football-Team.	Baseball-Team.				
RICE, CHARLES LESLIE							Pittsfield.
Mr. Thompson's.	C. S. C.	1901 INDEX Board.	<i>Aggie Life.</i>	Manager Football-			
Team.				Team.			
ROOT, LUTHER AUGUSTUS							Deerfield.
Prof. Cooley's.	Φ. Σ. K.						
SAUNDERS, EDWARD BOYLE,							Southwick.
D. G. K. House.	D. G. K.	Track-Team.					
SMITH, RALPH INGRAM							Leverett.
Plant House.	Q. T. V.						
TASHJIAN, DICKRAN BEDROS							Harpoot, Turkey.
8 N. C.	Q. T. V.						
TODD, JOHN HARRIS							Rowley.
24 N. C.	Q. T. V.						
WILSON, ALEXANDER CAVASSA							Boston.
17 S. C.	Φ. Σ. K.	Editor-in-Chief 1901 INDEX.	Captain Track-Team.				
WHITMAN, NATHAN DAVIS							Boston.
19 S. C.	Φ. Σ. K.	Artist 1901 INDEX.	Assistant Business Manager <i>Aggie Life.</i>				
Football-Team.							

Sophomore Class, 1902.



Class Yell.

Boom-a-racka! Boom-a-racka! Sis-boom-bah!
Naughty-Two! Naughty-Two! Rah! Rah! Rah!



Class Colors.

Maroon and Black.



Officers.

JOHN CLIFFORD HALL,	<i>President.</i>
LYMAN ADAMS COOK,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
DAVID NELSON WEST,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
HOWARD LAWTON KNIGHT,	<i>Historian.</i>
JOSHUA HERBERT BELDEN,	<i>Class Captain.</i>
WILLIAM ZACHARIAH CHASE,	<i>Foot-Ball Captain.</i>
HENRY LOOM BODFISH,	<i>Rope-Pull Captain.</i>
MAURICE ADIN BLAKE,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>



Class History.

WITH the falling of the leaves and the approach of the holidays comes the time when the Class of 1902 must for the second time set forth her achievements before the world. These have been many and various, and embrace all lines of college life. In fact, one of our noteworthy features is our versatility, as even a fragmentary record of our doings will show.

In athletics, we first devoted ourselves to foot-ball. Here we were at a disadvantage, both weight and experience being completely against us in the game with 1901. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that we could win from what was practically the 'varsity eleven. We always did feel rather sorry, though, for those Sophs who bet that the score would be 50 to 0. Still they really should have known better.

With the winter term came basket-ball. This sport seemed to have been designed for our special benefit, and we took to it as naturally as ducks to the water. In a short time we became very proficient. Finding that the other classes were comparatively ignorant of the pastime, we soon set out to give them a little instruction in a series of interclass games. In this we were highly successful, easily defeating every team we met, and winding up our career of triumph with a victory of 13 to 7 over the mighty Sophomores. Having thus swept everything before us at home, we longed, like Alexander, for "more worlds to conquer." So we tried to get a game with the Amherst College Freshmen, themselves interclass champions. They did not seem enthusiastic, but with much trepidation at last consented to play. Their courage, however, ebbed rapidly away as the appointed hour drew near, and at the last moment they canceled the game. The reason was obvious. We do not blame them for their action. "Discretion is the better part of valor"

in such a case. But the incident certainly indicates what a reputation we have in the athletic world.

In base-ball we lost the class game, but furnished the battery for the ill-fated 'varsity nine, and made a good showing against outside teams. We were also well represented in track-athletics, the college champion being from among our number.

Despite the assurance of one of our esteemed instructors that "Freshmen we were, and as Freshmen we would graduate," the 5th of September found us duly enrolled as "Sophomores." Our cast-off title in the meantime had descended to a heterogeneous conglomeration of all races, sexes and descriptions. Since the arrival of this untutored horde, our efforts have been largely spent in developing their latent abilities. Already we have discovered that in two lines—music and track-athletics—they promise to excel. Some among them have even now charmed us with their melodious voices and their skill in the cake-walk; and others seem certain to lower our records for the dashes and runs, particularly if these can be made of the "pursuit" class. The Freshmen also show a praiseworthy readiness to support our athletic teams financially, as is shown by the avidity with which they contributed toward the "base-ball fund" at the beginning of the term.

So much for our athletic record. As to scholastic attainments, modesty compels us to refer all queries to our instructors, who are even more familiar with our progress than we are ourselves. Our interest in the science of agriculture is, however, too characteristic a feature to be passed over without special mention. Not only do our recitations reflect our zeal, but at the sacrifice of both time and money, we have penetrated far into the wilds of Deerfield and Northampton in order to obtain a practical knowledge of the subject. More recently we have of our own accord sent large delegations to all the fairs and cattle-shows of the vicinity. In fact, so great has been our devotion that it has even wrought havoc with our other studies. An illustration of this came on our annual mountain-day. This was supposed to be set aside for botany, and we set out with every intention of so observing it. But because of the non-arrival of Dr. Stone, the stupidity of the driver, and other causes too numerous to mention, the magnetic power of agriculture deflected our barge far out of its original course; and the day was spent at the Belchertown fair.

Our social event of the year was our first banquet, held at the Norwood in Northampton on the night of June 16th, and was a very enjoyable affair. We fear that for once Naughty-One was caught napping. At all events there was no attempt to prevent our departure.

Our last and most important sphere of influence is exerted through our cherished organization, the House of Representatives. This august body is of only recent origin, but has already made itself felt in various ways among the

student body. Its objects are three in number : First, like its prototype in the National Congress, to act as a check on an over-zealous Senate; second, to develop by frequent rehearsals the musical powers of the Sophomore class; and third, to instruct the Freshmen in the rapid and artistic arrangement of their rooms. In all three lines it has achieved decided success.

We have here attempted to portray something of our past and our present; it seems unnecessary to even predict our future. As Prof. Babson says: "Talk is cheap." Following his example, we believe in deeds rather than in words. Hence, whatever may be the emergency, the Class of 1902 will always, we trust, be found ready for action.

K.



Members.

BELDEN, JOSHUA HERBERT	Newington, Conn.
21 N. C. Φ. Σ. K.	
BLAKE, MORRIS ADIN	Millis.
6 N. C. Q. T. V. First Prize Burnham Four.	
BODFISH, HENRY LOOK	Vineyard Haven.
14 N. C. D. G. K. Football-Team.	
CARPENTER, THORNE M.	Foxboro.
11 N. C. Glee Club. Choir.	
CHASE, WILLIAM ZACHARIAH	Lynn.
Insectory. C. S. C. Track-Team. 1902 INDEX Board.	
CHURCH, FREDERICK RICHARD	Ashfield.
27 N. C.	
CLAFLIN, LEANDER CHAPIN	Philadelphia, Pa.
16 S. C. Φ. Σ. K. <i>Aggie Life</i> . Track-Team. Editor-in-Chief 1902 INDEX.	
COLE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON	West Boxboro.
24 N. C. Q. T. V.	
COOK, LYMAN ADAMS	Millis.
6 N. C. Q. T. V. Baseball-Team.	
COOLEY, ORRIN FULTON	So. Deerfield.
Home.	
DACY, ARTHUR LINCOLN	Boston.
26 N. C. C. S. C. 1902 INDEX Board.	
DELLEA, JOHN MARTIN	Alford.
Boarding House. C. S. C.	
Dwyer, chester edwards	Lynn.
31 N. C. C. S. C.	
GATES, VICTOR ADOLPH	Memphis, Tenn.
21 N. C. Φ. Σ. K.	

HALL, JOHN CLIFFORD	Rock Bottom.
23 N. C. Φ. Σ. K. Burnham Four. Business Manager 1902 INDEX.	
HODKISS, HAROLD EDWARD	Wilkinsonville.
25 N. C. C. S. C.	
KINNEY, CHARLES MILTON	Northampton.
Mr. Wentzell's. Φ. Σ. K. Organist.	
KNIGHT, HOWARD LAWTON	Gardner.
27 N. C. C. S. C. <i>Aggie Life.</i> 1902 INDEX Board.	
LEWIS, CLAUDE ISAAC	Unionville.
26 N. C. C. S. C. Choir.	
MCCOBB, EDMUND FRANKLIN	Milford.
Mr. Phil. Smith's. Φ. Σ. K.	
MORSE, RANSOM WESLEY	Belchertown.
18 S. C. Q. T. V. First Prize Burnham Four. Choir. Asst. Business Manager 1902 INDEX.	
PAUL, HERBERT AMASA	Lynn.
31 N. C. C. S. C. 1902 INDEX Board.	
SMITH, SAMUEL LEROY	So. Hadley.
Mrs. Baker's. C. S. C.	
WEST, DAVID NELSON	Northampton.
11 N. C. Q. T. V. Choir. Burnham Four. Glee Club. Artist 1902 INDEX.	



Freshman Class, 1903.

*8

Class Yell.

Boom-rah! Boom-rah! Boom! Rah! Re!

Aggie College! Naughty-three!

*8

Class Colors.

Blue and Crimson.

*8

Officers.

EDWARD LAMSON PERKINS,	<i>President.</i>
HERBERT T. KELLEY,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GERARD DENNISON JONES,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
NEIL FRANCIS MONAHAN,	<i>Historian.</i>
EDWARD GEORGE PROULX,	<i>Class Captain.</i>
GEORGE EDMOND O'HEARN,	<i>Foot-Ball Captain.</i>
CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER,	<i>Rope-Pull Captain.</i>
WILLIAM LANE HOOD,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>



Class History.



N the 7th of September, 1899, the co-ed Class of 1903 made its first appearance on the campus. It was then that we first heard of a certain Professor Soph, who would soon take it upon himself to instruct us in "the manner of entertaining properly."

And sure enough, late that same evening the learned professor appeared, and, tapping gently on our windows, admonished us that the time had come. We, of course, eager to learn, rushed out to meet him. The eagerness and zeal which we exhibited in acquiring knowledge somewhat angered the professor and rather taxed his strength, and at the end of two hours of hard tutoring he was so exhausted that the remainder of the lesson was postponed.

A few nights later the lesson was resumed, and great was the professor's surprise to find that his pupils had mastered the subject completely, and had become far more proficient in its application than he himself.

The professor was slow to realize this, and though he refused at first to believe it, a half hour's argument drove away every lingering doubt, and the master, defeated, withdrew. The campus was ours.

We entered college; we bought a rope; we practiced and practiced and trained a team. We prepared for the annual pull and waited in vain for a challenge—the Sophs remembered our strength. At last we challenged after six long weeks; the challenge was accepted, and the result you all know. Why mention it?

Our football-team was early organized, and under the leadership of a mighty classmate proved a hard nut to crack. We lined up before the 'varsity; and we scored upon the Juniors. We sent the South Hadleys home across the mountains with heavy hearts and aching joints. We faced some heavy men and our facing stood us well.

We have a distinguished class in many ways. It contains noted men. Already we have two on the college eleven, and have shown good material for the college nine, not to mention our wonders in the mathematical jungle, or the monkey of the class; it has the very distinguishing honor of being the only class in college that can boast of strength, strong and powerful, but not all masculine. It contains a noted woman. We have a lady in our class. On our roll her name stands first. We see a feature of college life of which those "gone before" know nothing. We change the character of the college.

And now for the good advice which custom insists the green historian must give. Classmates, you have started well—stick well! Let your watchword in all your actions be, "Our College and our Lady!"

M.



Members.

ALLEN, MISS L. BERTHA		Amherst.
Mrs. Gilbert's.		
BACON, STEPHEN CARROLL		Leominster.
10 N. C.		
BARRUS, GEORGE LEVI		Goshen.
11 S. C.		
BLAKE, ERNEST E.		Riverside.
4 S. C.		
BOWEN, HOWARD C.		Rutland.
96 Pleasant street.		
BOWLER, PATRICK H.		Bondsville.
22 N. C.		
BROOKS, PHILIP WHITNEY		Cambridgeport.
9 S. C.		
CHEEVER, HERBERT MILTON		West Boylston.
15 S. C.		
COOK, JOSEPH GERSHAM		Clayton.
Boarding House.		
DILLON, J. HENRY		Belchertown.
9 N. C.		
FRANKLIN, HARRY JAMES		Bernardston.
5 N. C.		
HARRIS, FREDERICK ARNOLD		Amherst.
Home.		
HIGGINS, WILLIS ÉLMORE		Maynard.
9 S. C.		
HOOD, WILLIAM LANE		Vandiver, Ala.
32 N. C.		

JONES, GERARD DENNISON		So. Framingham.
13 S. C.		
KELLEY, HERBERT T.		Amherst.
2 S. C.		
MARTIN, HENRY THOMAS		Amherst.
Home.		
MONAHAN, NEIL FRANCIS		So. Framingham.
Tower.		
NERSERIAN, PAUL NERSES		Marash, Turkey.
Mrs. Davis'.		
O'HEARN, GEORGE EDMUND		Pittsfield.
Mr. Thompson's.		
PARSONS, ALBERT		No. Amherst.
9 N. C.		
PARSONS, JOSIAH WAITE		Northampton.
6 S. C.		
PEEBLES, WILLIAM W.		Washington, D. C.
32 N. C.		
PERKINS, EDWARD LAMSON		Roxbury.
14 S. C.		
PHelps, ARTHUR AUGUSTUS		Boylston.
15 S. C.		
PHILLIPS, LEE		West Hanover.
2 S. C.		
POOLE, ELMER MYRON		No. Dartmouth.
5 S. C.		
POTTER, ROLAND D.		Rutland.
Mr. Wentzell's.		
PROULX, EDWARD GEORGE		Hatfield.
6 S. C.		
RICHARDSON, HARLAN LEWIS		Boxboro.
12 S. C.		
ROBERTSON, RICHARD H.		Malden.
13 S. C.		
SNELL, EDWARD BENIAH		Lawrence.
22 N. C.		
THOMPSON, LESLIE I.		Cushman.
Home.		

TINKER, CLIFFORD ALFIION	West Tremont, Me.
Boarding House.	
TOTTINGHAM, WILLIAM EDGAR	Bernardston.
5 N. C.	
TOWER, WINTHROP V.	Melrose Highlands.
14 S. C.	
VANCE, PHILIP GIFFORD	Stow.
12 S. C.	
WEBSTER, FRANK WALLACE	Bay State.
Mr. Wentzell's.	
WEST, MYRON HOWARD	Belchertown.
9 N. C.	
WOLLHEIM, ERNEST	Jersey City, N. J.
11 S. C.	
WYMAN, WILBUR FRANCIS,	Hyde Park.
5 S. C.	



FRATERNITIES



W.B.BROWN Jr.



E. A. MORTY, PHILA.

D. G. K. Fraternity.

*
•

Aleph Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

INCORPORATED 1886.

*
•

Members.

In Facultate.

CHARLES WELLINGTON.

In Urbe.

CHARLES I. GOESSMANN.

SAMUEL W. WILEY.

Undergraduates.

EDWARD BOYLE SAUNDERS.
YSIDRO HERRERA CANTO.
FRANK HOWARD BROWN.
JOHN CORNELIUS BARRY.
JOHN BUEL HENRY.

WALLACE ROGERS PIERSON.
JAMES EDWARD HALLIGAN.
MAURICE BERNARD LANDERS.
EDWIN KELLOGG ATKINS.
HENRY LOOK BODFISH.
JULIO MOISES OVALLE.

Q. T. V. Fraternity.

1869-1899.



Chapters.

Amherst.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
1869.

Granite.

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AND MECHANIC ARTS,
1881.

Boston Alumni Chapter.

1889.



Q. T. V. Fraternity.



Amherst Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

INCORPORATED 1890.



Members.

In Facultate.

JAMES B. PAIGE.

In Urbe.

DAVID BARRY.

HENRY DARWIN HASKINS.

JEWELL B. KNIGHT.

Undergraduates.

FRANCIS GUY STANLEY.

THOMAS CASEY.

WILLIAM BERRY ROGERS.

DICKRAN BEDROS TASHJIAN.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON COLE.

LYMAN ADAMS COOK.

GEORGE CROWELL CLARKE.

JOHN HARRIS TODD.

RALPH INGRAM SMITH.

RANSOM WESLEY MORSE.

DANIEL NELSON WEST.

MORRIS ADIN BLAKE.

Phi Sigma Kappa.

1873-1899.



Chapter Roll.



Alpha.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, 1873.

Beta.

UNION UNIVERSITY, ALBANY, 1888.

Gamma.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, 1889.

Delta.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, MORGANTOWN, 1891.

Epsilon.

YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, 1893.

Zeta.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 1896.

Eta.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, 1897.

Theta.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 1897.

Iota.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, 1899.

Kappa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 1899.

Lambda.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, 1899.

The New York Club.

1889.

The Boston Club.

1897.



Phi Sigma Kappa.

A

Alpha Chapter.

ORGANIZED 1873.

INCORPORATED 1892.

A

In Facultate.

WILLIAM P. BROOKS.
GEORGE E. STONE.

S. FRANCIS HOWARD.

FRED S. COOLEY.
RALPH E. SMITH.

In Urbe.

WILLIAM A. KELLOGG.
PHILIP H. SMITH.

WILLIAM A. HOOKER.

ELISHA A. JONES.
GEORGE A. DREW.

Undergraduates.

HENRY LEWIS CRANE.
JAMES WILLIAM KELLOGG.
JAMES HENRY CHICKERING.
PERCIVAL CUSHING BROOKS.
WILLIAM CARLTON DICKERMAN.
THADDEUS GRAVES, JR.
LEANDER CHAPIN CLAFLIN.
JAMES FRANCIS LEWIS.
AUSTIN WINFIELD MORRILL.
GEORGE FREEMAN PARMENTER.
ALBERT MERRILL WEST.

VICTOR HENRY GURNEY.
JOHN HERBERT HOWARD.
ERNEST LESLIE MACOMBER.
LUTHER AUGUSTUS ROOT.
ALEXANDER CAVASSA WILSON.
VICTOR ADOLPH GATES.
JOHN CLIFFORD HALL.
EDMOND FRANKLIN MCCOBB.
CHARLES MILTON KINNEY.
NATHAN DAVIS WHITMAN.
JOSHUA HERBERT BELDEN.

College Shakespearean Club

OF THE

Massachusetts Agricultural College.



A NON-SECRET FRATERNITY.



The Corporation,

INCORPORATED 1892.



The Graduate Association.

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.



The College Club.

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.



The Associate Club.

ORGANIZED AT STORRS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, MAY 18, 1894.

"PRO LITERA"



1879
G S G

College Shakespearean Club.



Honorary Members.

DR. WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

PROF. GEORGE F. MILLS.

PROF. HERMAN BABSON.



Resident Graduates.

FREDERICK WAY MOSSMAN.
CHARLES MOREHOUSE WALKER.
HERBERT WARNER DANA.
MELVIN HERBERT PINGREE.
WARREN ELMER HINDS.

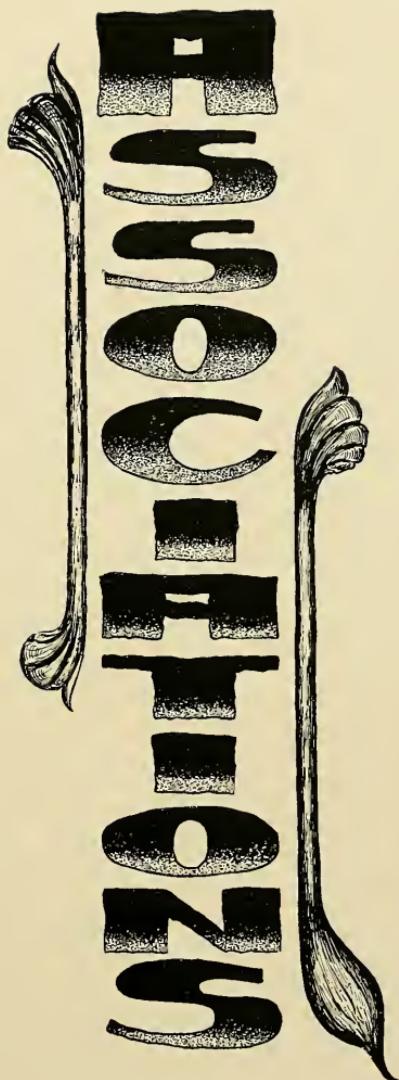
BERNARD HOWARD SMITH.
HERBERT DANIEL HEMENWAY.
HENRY MARTIN THOMPSON.
BENJAMIN KENT JONES.

Undergraduates.

HOWARD BAKER.
MORTON ALFRED CAMPBELL.
PERCY FLETCHER FELCH.
ARTHUR FORRESTER FROST.
GEORGE RUFFIM BRIDGEFORTH.
THEODORE FREDERICK COOKE.
WILLIAM ALUCIUS DAWSON.
EDWARD STEPHEN GAMWELL.
WILLIAM ZACHARIAH CHASE.
ARTHUR ATWELL HARMON.
EDWARD TAYLOR HULL.
ARTHUR COLEMAN MONAHAN.
MARK HAYES MUNSON.

CLARENCE EVERETT GORDON.
CHARLES THOMAS LESLIE.
HERBERT AMASA PAUL.
CHARLES LESLIE RICE.
ARTHUR LINCOLN DACY.
JOHN MARTIN DELLEA.
CHESTER EDWARD DWYER.
DANA SANFORD BERNARD GREELEY.
HAROLD EDWARD HODGKISS.
HOWARD LAWTON KNIGHT.
CLAUD ISAAC LEWIS.
SAMUEL LEROY SMITH.
NATHAN JUSTIN HUNTING.

**E
H
O
C
H
E
I
C
H
S**

The image features a central vertical column of ten letters, each enclosed in a black rectangular box. The letters are arranged in two rows: the first five letters (E, H, O, C, H) are in the top row, and the next five letters (E, I, C, H, S) are in the bottom row. The entire column is flanked by two long, thin, curved shapes resembling stylized leaves or petals. The left shape is positioned to the left of the first letter 'E', and the right shape is positioned to the right of the last letter 'S'. Both of these decorative elements have a textured, fibrous appearance at their bases.

Athletic Association.



Officers for 1899-1900.

Foot-Ball Manager, C. L. RICE.

Base-Ball Manager, Y. H. CANTO.

Track-Team Manager, E. S. GAMWELL.



Executive Committee.

FACULTY.

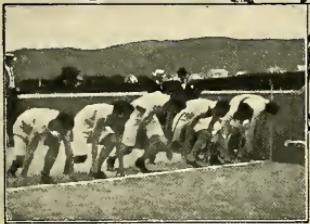
President, J. B. PAIGE.

Vice-President, R. S. LULL.

W. P. BROOKS.

Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. SMITH.

S. F. HOWARD.



WHITE

M. A. C.-Williston Dual Meet.

Williston Field,

Saturday, June 10, 1899.

M. A. C.		WILLISTON.
H. E. MAYNARD,	Managers,	M. T. GUM.
A. C. WILSON,	Captains,	L. C. BANGS.

Officials.

Referee, R. F. NEILIGAN, A. C.

Judges at Finish, R. G. CLAPP, Y. A. A.; F. H. KLAER, A. A. A.; E. W. WIGGINS, A. A. A.

Field Judges, DR. P. C. PHILLIPS, A. C.; R. E. SMITH, M. A. C.

Timers, C. A. BOOTH, W. S.; F. A. LEACH, W. S.; P. C. BROOKS, M. A. C.

Starter and Clerk of Course, H. W. GLADWIN, A. A. A.

Marshals, M. F. GUM, W. S.; H. E. MAYNARD, M. A. C.



Track Events.

110-YARD DASH—First, J. H. Chickering, M. A. C., $11\frac{2}{5}$ s.; second, L. J. Hibbard, W. S.; third, L. C. Bangs, W. S.

120-YARD HURDLE—First, L. C. Clafin, M. A. C., $19\frac{1}{3}$ s.; second, P. A. Shares, W. S.; third, A. R. Dorman, M. A. C.

220-YARD HURDLE—First, A. R. Dorman, M. A. C., $29\frac{1}{3}$ s.; second, O. J. Marra, W. S.; third, L. C. Clafin, M. A. C.

220-YARD DASH—First, L. J. Hibbard, W. S.; $24\frac{1}{2}$ s.; second, J. H. Chickering, M. A. C.; third, F. H. Brown, M. A. C.

QUARTER-MILE DASH—First, L. J. Hibbard, W. S., $54\frac{2}{3}$ s.; second, J. H. Chickering, M. A. C.; third, C. J. Hart, W. S.

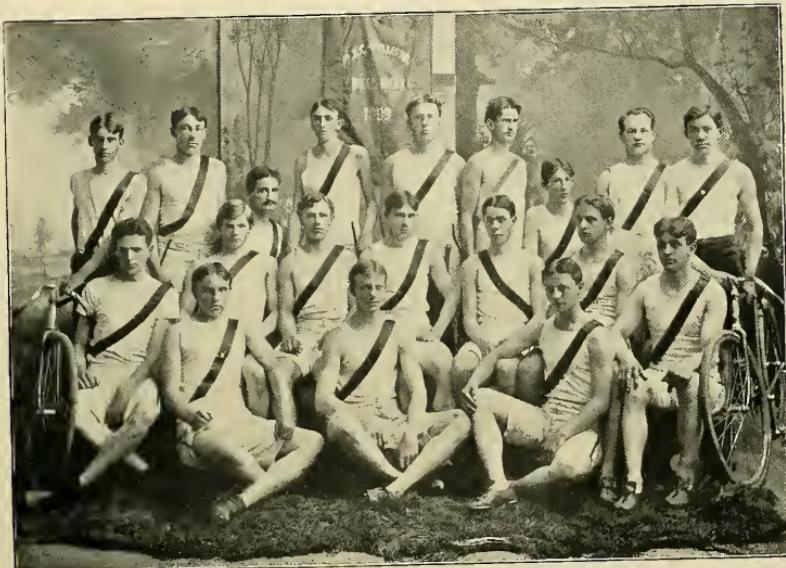
HALF-MILE RUN—First, E. L. Macomber, M. A. C., 2 m. 10 s.; second, H. E. Maynard, M. A. C.; third, W. A. Dawson, M. A. C.

ONE-MILE RUN—First, H. E. Maynard, M. A. C., 4 m. 57 s.; second, A. C. Wilson, M. A. C.; third, R. D. Eggleston, W. S.

ONE-MILE BICYCLE—First, L. Dibble, W. S., 2 m. $32\frac{1}{2}$ s.; second, E. B. Saunders, M. A. C.; third, W. F. Cooney, W. S.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE—First, L. Dibble, W. S., 5 m. $36\frac{1}{2}$ s.; second, E. F. Lewis, W. S.; third, H. L. Crane, M. A. C.

TRACK-TEAM



M. A. C.-Williston Dual Meet.

Field-Events.

SHOT-PUT—First, T. F. Cooke, M. A. C., 33 ft. 9 in.; second, F. G. Stanley, M. A. C.; third, C. A. Nelson, W. S.

HAMMER-THROW—First, F. G. Stanley, M. A. C., 104 ft. 5 in.; second, H. Baker, M. A. C.; third, T. F. Cooke, M. A. C.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP—First, M. B. Landers, M. A. C., 5 ft., 2 in.; second, L. C. Clafin, M. A. C.; third, E. H. Maddox, W. S.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP—First, L. C. Clafin, M. A. C., 18 ft., 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; second, L. C. Bangs, W. S.; third, W. C. Dickerman, M. A. C.

POLE-VAULT—First, W. Z. Chase, M. A. C., and J. C. Barry, M. A. C., tied, 8 ft. 3 in.; third, J. E. Foster, W. S.

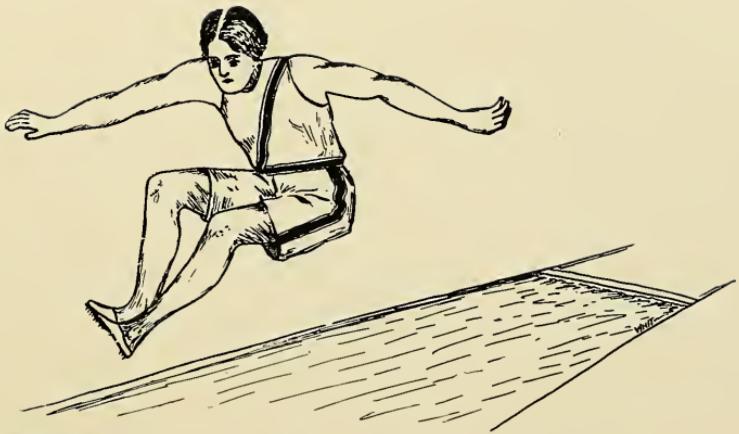
Discus—First, C. A. Nelson, W. S., 95 ft., 11 in.; second, T. Graves, Jr., M. A. C.; third, F. G. Stanley, M. A. C.

Summary of Points.

(First counts 5, second counts 3, third counts 1.)

EVENT.	M. A. C.	W. S.	EVENT.	M. A. C.	W. S.
100-Yard Dash,	5	4	Mile Bicycle,	3	6
220-Yard Dash,	4	5	Two-Mile Bicycle,	1	8
440-Yard Dash,	3	6	Shot-Put,	8	1
Half-Mile Run,	9	0	Hammer-Throw,	9	0
Mile Run,	8	1	High Jump,	8	1
120-Yard Hurdle,	6	3	Broad Jump,	6	3
220-Yard Hurdle,	6	3	Pole-Vault,	8	1
			Discus,	4	5

Total Score : M. A. C., 88; Williston, 47.



- RECORDS -

College Records.

*•

<i>100-Yard Dash,</i>	S. P. Toole, '95,	10 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
<i>220-Yard Dash,</i>	S. P. Toole, '95,	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>440-Yard Dash,</i>	J. H. Chickering, '01,	56 $\frac{1}{3}$ sec.
<i>880-Yard Run,</i>	E. L. Macomber, '01,	2 min. 10 sec.
<i>Mile Run,</i>	H. E. Maynard, '99,	4 min. 57 sec.
<i>120-Yard Hurdles,</i>	L. C. Clafin, '02,	18 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.
<i>220-Yard Hurdles,</i>	A. R. Dorman, '01,	29 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>Running Broad Jump,</i>	F. B. Shaw, '96,	20 ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
<i>Running High Jump,</i>	M. B. Landers, '00,	5 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
<i>Pole-Vault,</i>	F. B. Shaw, '96,	8 ft. 9 in.
<i>One-Mile Bicycle,</i>	E. B. Saunders, '01,	2 min. 28 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.
<i>Putting Shot (16 pounds),</i>	F. G. Stanley, '00,	35 ft. 9 $\frac{9}{16}$ in.
<i>Throwing Hammer (16 pounds),</i>	F. G. Stanley, '00,	104 ft. 5 in.
<i>Throwing Discus,</i>	T. Graves, Jr., '01,	93 ft. 3 in.

*•

Indoor Records.

*•

<i>25-Yard Dash,</i>	S. Sastré, '06,	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>Standing Broad Jump,</i>	J. A. Emrich, '97,	10 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
<i>Standing High Jump,</i>	L. Manley, '04,	4 ft. 4 in.
<i>Running High Kick,</i>	J. S. Eaton, '98,	8 ft. 4 in.
<i>Standing High Kick,</i>	J. S. Eaton, '98,	8 ft. 1 in.

The following men are qualified to wear the M.:

Foot-Ball.

G. F. Parmenter.	E. S. Gamwell.
F. G. Stanley.	H. A. Paul.
J. E. Halligan.	N. D. Whitman.
Y. H. Canto.	C. L. Rice (Manager).
J. C. Barry.	W. R. Pierson.
T. F. Cooke.	H. L. Bodfish.
W. B. Rogers.	E. B. Snell.
J. H. Chickering.	G. E. O'Hearn.
G. R. Bridgeforth.	

Track-Team.

H. Baker.
M. B. Landers.
F. G. Stanley.
J. C. Barry.
J. H. Chickering.
T. F. Cooke.
T. Graves, Jr.
E. L. Macomber.
A. C. Wilson.
W. Z. Chase.
L. C. Clafin.
E. B. Saunders.



•BASE BALL•

Base-Ball Association.

•

Captain, J. E. HALLIGAN.

Manager, N. D. WHITMAN.

Assistant Manager, N. DAVIS WHITMAN.

College-Team.

J. C. BARRY, c.

T. GRAVES, 1b.

J. E. HALLIGAN, 2b.

L. A. COOK, s. s.

H. L. BODFISH, p.

W. B. ROGERS, 3b.

A. R. DORMAN, l. f.

E. L. MACOMBER, c. f.

W. A. HOOKER, r. f.

Substitutes.

W. R. PIERSON.

V. A. GATES.

J. B. HENRY.



Foot-Ball

Foot-Ball Association.



Captain, J. E. HALLIGAN.

Coach, FRED W. MURPHY, CAPTAIN BROWN, '98.

Manager, C. L. RICE.



College-Team.

F. G. STANLEY, T. F. COOKE, tackles.
E. S. GAMWELL, E. B. SNELL, guards.
H. L. BODFISH, G. E. O'HEARN, ends.
Y. H. CANTO, N. D. WHITMAN, quarter-backs.

H. A. PAUL, centre.
J. E. HALLIGAN, full-back.
J. H. CHICKERING, J. C. BARRY, half-backs.

Substitutes.

W. R. PIERSON.
G. R. BRIDGEFORTH.

W. B. ROGERS.
J. H. BELDEN.

FOOT-BALL



Murphy (Coach) Rice (Mgr)
Cook Snell Bridgeforth Gamwell
Bodish Whitman Halligan (capt) Paul Pieron
Barry Rogers Chickering
O'earn Canto Stanley
—Mascot—

Foot-Ball Association.

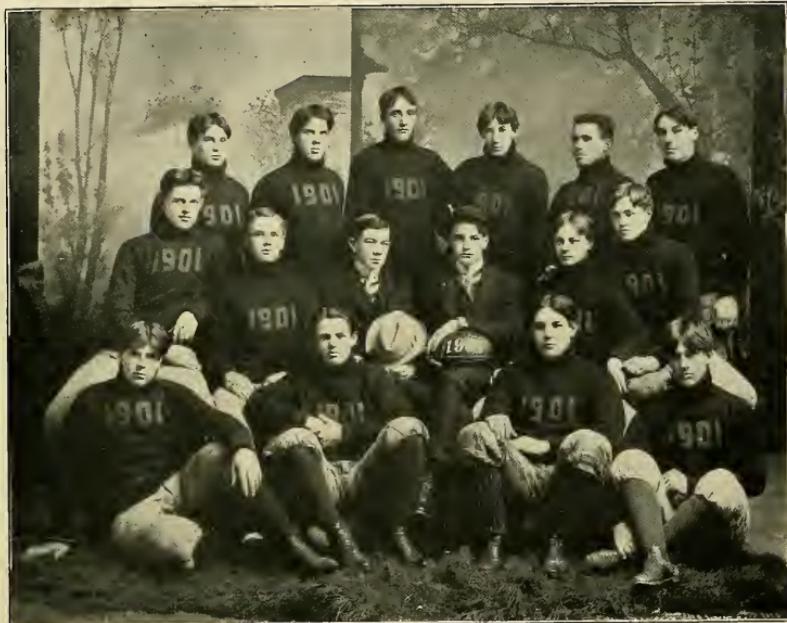
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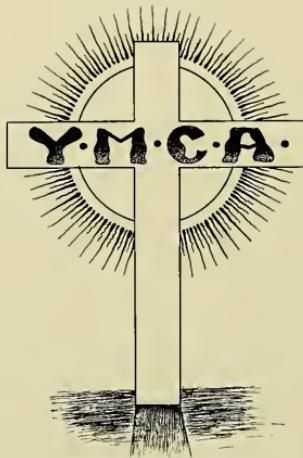
Games Played.

September 23,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Holy Cross,	0-11
September 30,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Wesleyan,	0-27
October 7,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Springfield Y. M. C. A.,	17-0
October 14,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Pittsfield,	12-0
October 21,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Trinity,	5-16
October 28,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Vermont University,	11-6
November 1,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Amherst,	6-0
November 4,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Conn. Agricultural College,	34-6
November 8,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Williston,	17-0
November 11,	Aggie <i>vs.</i> Worcester Tech. (Canceled by Worcester Tech.)	



1901-FOOT-BALL





President, HOWARD BAKER.

Vice-President, G. R. BRIDGEFORTH.

Corresponding Secretary, R. D. GILBERT.

Recording Secretary, R. W. MORSE.

Treasurer, D. H. WEST.

Reading-Room Association.

President, A. C. MONAHAN.

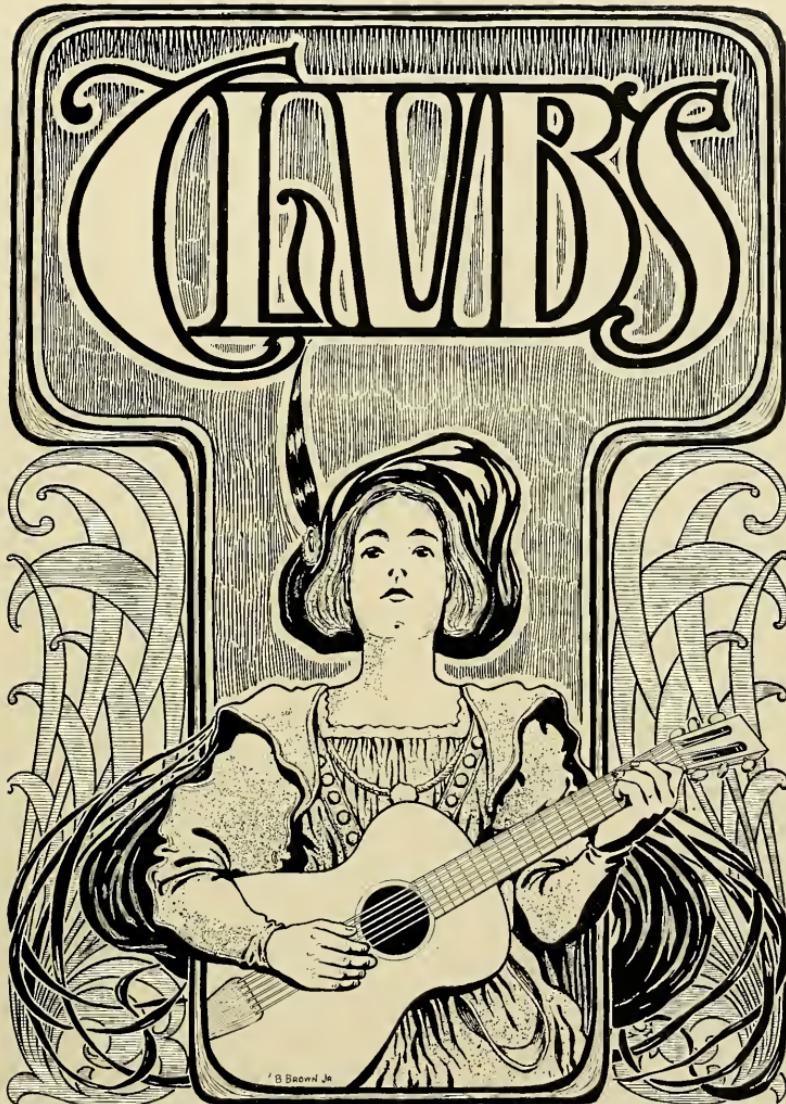
Secretary and Treasurer, C. E. GORDON.

Directors.

M. B. LANDERS.

J. H. CHICKERING.

H. A. PAUL.



B Brown Jr



GLEE AND BANJO CLUB

Glee Club.

*•

Instructor and Leader.

MRS. LUCY E. SANDERSON.

Manager.

T. GRAVES, JR.

First Tenors.

T. GRAVES, JR.

P. G. VANCE.

CLAUDE I. LEWIS.

Second Tenors.

D. N. WEST.

A. F. FROST.

H. T. KELLY.

First Bassos.

R. W. MORSE.

W. C. DICKERMAN.

P. F. FELCH.

Second Bassos.

J. C. HALL.

T. M. CARPENTER.

F. W. WEBSTER.

Banjo Club.

*•

Officers.

Leader.
F. GUY STANLEY.

Manager.

J. W. KELLOGG.

Members.

F. GUY STANLEY.
J. W. KELLOGG.
J. B. HENRY.

T. GRAVES, JR.
D. S. B. GREELEY.
Y. H. CANTO.

GLEE & BANJO



Webster Greeley Teich West Kelley Dickerman

Henry Stanley Graves Kelley Frost

Carpenter Lewis

Choir.



Instructor.

MRS. LUCY E. SANDERSON.

Leader.

T. GRAVES, JR.

First Tenors.

T. GRAVES, JR.

C. I. LEWIS.

Second Tenors.

D. N. WEST.

H. T. KELLY.

First Bassos.

R. W. MORSE.

W. C. DICKERMAN.

Second Bassos.

J. C. HALL.

T. M. CARPENTER.

Boarding Club.

*•

Officers.

President and Manager, F. H. BROWN.

Vice-President, HOWARD BAKER.

Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. CHICKERING.

Directors.

M. B. LANDERS.

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*•

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Acting President, E. B. HOLLAND.

Vice-Presidents, C. I. GOESSMANN, PROF. S. F. HOWARD.

Secretary, B. H. SMITH.

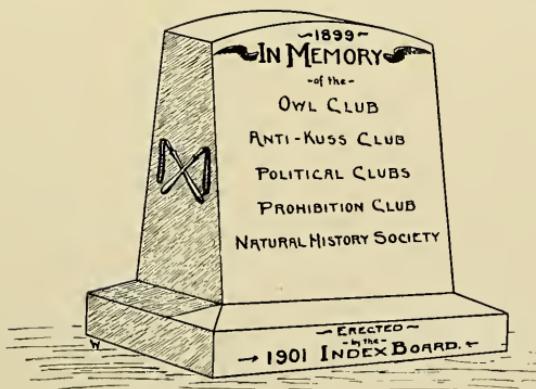
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Executive Committee.

H. D. HASKINS.

B. K. JONES.

M. H. PINGREE.



Aggie Life.

*
*

Published Fortnightly by Students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

*
*

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Assistant Business Manager.

NATHAN DAVIS WHITMAN, '01.

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AUSTIN WINFIELD MORRILL, '00, Library Notes.

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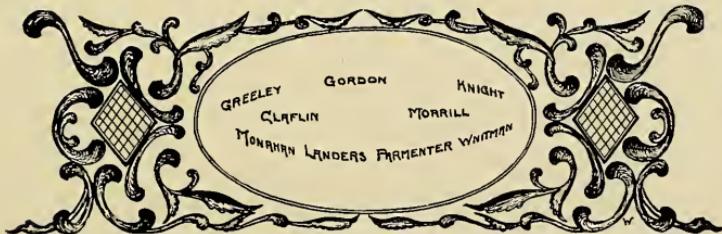
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CHARLES LESLIE RICE, '01, Athletics.

LEANDER CHAPIN CLAFLIN, '02.

HOWARD LAWTON KNIGHT, '02.

ACGIE-LIFE



Class and Society Publications.



The Index

Published annually by the Junior Class.

VOLUME XXXII.



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Handbook of the College.



Published annually by the Y. M. C. A.



WINTER

NOVEMBER, 1898.

1. Naughty-One's ball—First down.
Foot-ball: Upper Classes, 6; Lower Classes, 0.
2. Trig. Exam.—Allie gets through; Pierson gets stuck.
4. Foot-ball: Northampton H. S., 6; Freshmen, 5.
6. B. H. and Sam waylaid and bagged.
Nineteen Hundred and One bolts Prof. Stone.
7. Graves goes to Hatfield.
8. Prexy goes to Washington.
9. Graves returns from Hatfield.
10. Class foot-ball game: Nineteen Hundred and One, 21; Nineteen Hundred and Two, 0.
11. Nineteen Hundred and One induces some Nineteen Hundred and Two men to bathe in the pond.

"Footprints in the banks of slime."

12. Freshmen indignation meeting. Freshmen petition the President to have the pond emptied.
Foot-ball: Worcester Tech., 11; M. A. C., 0.
13. Pond is emptied. Freshmen rejoice.
15. Rush on Botanic Walk: Nineteen Hundred and One does up the Freshmen.
16. Second Rush: Freshmen yield the walk.
17. Nineteen Hundred and One rushes an electric car off the track for practice.
18. Keg of cider pinched.
19. Fat comes back from Hamp. with a dress-suit case.
20. Chapel-pulpit filled by Mr. Hawley of Amherst.
21. Foot-ball: Sunderland, 5; Freshmen, 6.

22. Canavan tries to make it easy for "Doc.": puts a bedstead in Chapel.
23. Thanksgiving recess.
24. Reported slaughter of the Turks.
25. Laid up for repairs.
27. Church at home.
28. "Doc." opens College, but students don't assist.
29. Prof. Ostrander frescoes the walls of the mathematical room with his problems.
30. Foot-ball officers elected.

* *

DECEMBER.

1. Mac. and Dick. blow in. Are immediately blown up by Prexy, and then blow out until next term.
2. The Renaissance.
3. The Reformation.
4. Backsliders again.
5. Poney shows the Board of Agriculture over the College.
6. The Board send a note of thanks to Poney.
7. Reception to Board of Agriculture in the Chapel.
8. Nineteen Hundred and One bolts "Doc." Stone.
9. Prof. Flint sets up the phosphates. Whole Sophomore Class stuck.
10. Polo: M. A. C., 1; Amherst, 0.
11. Snow-storm—skating spoiled.
12. Ikey leads Y. M. C. A. meeting.
13. Dorman learns, "How would you like to be the ice-man?"
14. Nineteen Hundred and One bolts "Doc." Stone.
15. Flint bolts Nineteen Hundred and One.
16. Snow-storm.
19. Clark goes to sleep in surveying.
20. Exams.
21. College closes for Christmas vacation.

* *

JANUARY, 1899.

16. Bridge, fails to bluff Prof. Lull.
17. "Pop." Pingree takes to drink. Too bad! and so young!

18. First game of inter-class basket-ball: Juniors, 22; Freshmen, 10.
19. Nineteen Hundred and One informs Prof. Babson just what year they represent—not Nineteen Hundred and Two, but Nineteen Hundred and One.
20. Basket-ball: Juniors, 11; Sophomores, 8.
21. The "big eight" skate to Hamp. on the ice. "Skate" back on the train.
23. A windy day. P. H. loses his whiskers.
24. Brooks makes love to the skeleton.
25. Nineteen Hundred and One demonstrates that Prof. Babson is not an encyclopaedia.
26. Sophomoros bolt Prof. Smith.
27. Dr. Stone turns "benedict." Alumni Dinner.
28. The Dairy Class bolt "Prof." Munson.
30. College serenades Dr. Stone.
31. Stanley gets back from a three days' visit at N. A.



FEBRUARY.

1. Chapel chairs give way under "Fat" Gamwell.
3. Junior Prom.
4. Everybody tired.
6. Nineteen Hundred and Two bolt Army.
8. Munson objects to new Short Course yell.
9. Appropriation Bill authorized.
10. Prexy "loses—Havanas."
13. Blizzard.
14. "Pants pressed—15c."
18. "Doc." Greeley actually says d—.
19. Rev. Mr. Gaylord preaches in Chapel.
21. "Heads!"
"Tails it is."
- Dick loses.
22. The patron of Agriculture.
25. Freshmen defeat Northampton Y. M. C. A. at basket-ball.
27. Prof. Lull hustles like thunder to reach the class-room; half the class is fifteen minutes late.

MARCH.

1. Secretary Budd addresses Y. M. C. A.
3. Nineteen Hundred and One bolts Prof. Smith.
6. "Doc." Greeley entertains class in Physiology.
8. Freshmen spout.
13. Lexow.
14. The result.
15. Two more.
16. Nineteen Hundred and One leaves the rostrum.
17. "Take it easy."
20. Exams. Prof. Brooks stuck in Soil Formation.



SPRING

APRIL, 1899.

3. Early birds catch—blazes.
4. Condition exams.
- College clock stuck in Mechanics.
5. Term opens.
6. Schedules prove a dream.
7. Goal-posts gone!
15. Amherst wins; practice-game.
16. The chestnut-tree is no more.
17. A close rub: Amherst, 9; Aggie, 7.
19. Patriots' Day.
20. College votes to meet Williston.
21. Nineteen Hundred and One holds forth in Springfield.
23. Fifteen men in Chapel.
25. "University" exam. in English.
26. Tax levied.
28. Freshmen Class N. G.
29. Nineteen Hundred Class tree planted; cheese, frankforts and cold water.



MAY.

1. Dewey's Day. Hurrah!
3. Pierson falls in love.
8. Munson starts training for shot-put.
9. Turner coaches Mt. Holyoke.
10. "Fat" gets fired from Horticulture.
11. Prison committee visits College.
16. Greeley appears with Prof. Cooley's bag.
18. Speaking of Sophomore and Freshman Tens.

19. Legislature committee visits College; another holiday.
23. A bicycle in a tree.
24. "For advance we will take twenty pages in review."
25. "Who runs this ranch?" Joint Class meeting.
27. Dr. Flint inspects.
28. Rev. Mr. Hamblin preaches in Chapel.
30. Soldiers' Day.
31. Kinney comes out in a golf-suit.

New Rules: No one shall come to Chapel improperly dressed.



JUNE.

1. The Doctor forgets his tie in Chapel.
2. Inter-class meet; Freshmen lose.
3. Base-ball: 14—10; Freshmen lose again.
10. Williston, 47; AGGIE, 88.
13. Easy.
14. Exams. begin.
15. "Fat" stuck.
16. No more work, my laddies.
18. Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Walker. Address to Y. M. C. A. by Rev. Mr. Colfelt, D. D.
19. Flint and Burnham prize-speaking.
Fraternity banquets.
20. President's reception.
21. Entrance Exams.



SUMMER

JULY, 1899.

3. The night before the Fourth. The artist of the Nineteen Hundred and One INDEX reaches Taunton and paints the town red.
5. Claflin, Nineteen Hundred and Two, visits the Pokahaunters Mountains.
10. T. H. takes it easy at home.
25. Mac. visits Boston.
30. "Parmy," "Bill," and West start for Maine.

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AUGUST.

3. Dorman packs up.
8. "Parmy" falls out of a canoe.
12. "Hall" still in the game.
22. West lands a five-pounder.
31. "Bill" goes to Long Island.



F A L L

SEPTEMBER.

2. Whit. camps out.
5. Exams.
7. College opens.
8. Cake-walk in Drill Hall.
9. Rush; Freshmen win.
10. Voluntary Sunday Chapel. 5.00 out.
11. Grapes; first foot-ball practice.
15. Juniors visit vineyard for first time in daylight.
19. Coach dislocates a shoulder.
21. Nineteen Hundred and Two attends Greenfield fair.
23. Foot-ball: Aggie vs. Holy Cross at Worcester.
27. Cattle-show; great coaching-parade.
28. Sammy bolts Nineteen Hundred and One.
29. Ditto.
30. Wesleyan vs. Aggie.

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OCTOBER.

1. New hymn-books.
2. Nineteen Hundred and Two and Nineteen Hundred and Three bolt Babby.
3. Brooks bolts Nineteen Hundred and One.
4. *Aggie Life* Board picture taken.
5. Freshmen visit Northampton.
6. Freshmen unable to attend recitations.
7. Foot-ball: M. A. C., 17; Springfield Y. M. C. A., 0.

8. Chick. takes the milk-train.
9. Freshman Higgins: "When will the INDEX be out?" "Fat": "Oh! next week."
10. Senior hat-hooks disappear.
11. Sophomores spend their Mountain Day at Belchertown. Freshmen stack their rooms.
12. INDEX Board looks pleasant.
13. Freshmen rooms stacked.
14. Foot-ball: M. A. C., 16; Pittsfield, 0.
15. Foot-ball team observes Sunday on the train.
16. A lot of lobsters late at Prof. Lull's recitation.
17. Foot-ball team picture taken.
18. Foot-ball: Freshmen, 29; Northampton Y. M. C. A., 0.
19. "Rev." F. S. Cooley presides in Chapel.
20. Rope-pull: Sophs, 9 ft.; Freshmen, — 9 ft.
21. Foot-ball: M. A. C., 5; Trinity, 16. Sophomores, 5; Sunderland, 0.
22. "Bill" and P. C. pull in from Boston.
23. T. Casey explains to Prof. Brooks the proper way to lay tile-drains.
24. P. C. gets a Sphinx Rye ad.
25. Foot-ball: M. A. C., 34; Springfield, 0.
26. Nineteen Hundred and Three yells one hour at nothing.
27. Nineteen Hundred and Three yells again for same reason.
28. Foot-ball: M. A. C., 11; Vermont, 5.
29. Football-team falls in love.
30. 25th annual dinner of Sahkhabeluck Club at Hamp.
31. Ready, Nineteen Hundred and Two? Play.



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Commencement.

June 21, 1899.



Sunday, June Eighteenth.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, by Dr. C. S. Walker, 10.45 A. M.
ADDRESS BEFORE THE COLLEGE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
by Rev. Lawrence M. Colfelt, D. D., of Philadelphia, 8 P. M.

Monday, June Nineteenth.

BURNHAM PRIZE-SPEAKING, Freshman and Sophomore Classes, 8 P. M.



Sophomores.

E. S. GAMWELL	Pittsfield.
N. D. WHITMAN	Boston.
W. C. DICKERMAN	Taunton.
T. GRAVES, JR.	Hatfield.
"MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT."	
"THE UNIVERSITY THE TRAINING-CAMP OF THE FUTURE."	
"CONSERVATISM AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT TO PROGRESS."	
"ENERGY AND PATIENCE."	

Freshmen.

R. W. MORSE	Belchertown.
M. A. BLAKE	Millis.
J. C. HALL	Rock Bottom.
D. N. WEST	Northampton.
"MORAL COURAGE."	
"THE ASSAULT OF FORT WAGNER."	
"CHARLES SUMNER."	
"THE MINUTE-MAN OF THE REVOLUTION."	

Tuesday, June Twentieth.

ALUMNI MEETING in the Mathematical Room, 9 A. M.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES at the office of the Hatch Experiment Station, 9.30 A. M.
MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE ON EXPERIMENT DEPARTMENT at the office of the Hatch Experiment Station, 11.30 A. M.

Flint Prize Oratorical Contest.

Junior Class.

HOWARD BAKER	Dudley.
"COLLEGE EDUCATION AS A BUSINESS INVESTMENT."	
EDWARD T. HULL	Westport, Conn.
"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."	
JAMES W. KELLOGG	Amherst.
"STRIKES."	
ARTHUR C. MONAHAN	South Framingham.
"THE EVOLUTION OF OUR RACE."	
MARK H. MUNSON	Westfield.
"THE EFFECT OF LABOR ON CHARACTER."	
FRANCIS G. STANLEY	Springfield.
"THE BATTLE OF EL CANEV."	



Class-Day Exercises.

Music, Banjo Club.

Planting of Class Ivy	F. H. TURNER.
Prayer	DR. C. S. WALKER.
Ivy Poem	F. A. MERRILL.
Class Oration	C. M. WALKER.
Class Poem	D. A. BEAMAN.
CLASS SONG.	
Campus Oration	B. H. SMITH.
Pipe Oration,	W. H. ARMSTRONG.
Hatchet Oration	W. E. CHAPIN.

Burying of Hatchet and placing the '99 stone under the Class Tree.

Music, Banjo Club.

CLASS VEIL.

SUPPERS OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES, 6 P. M.

RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES, 8 TO 10 P. M.

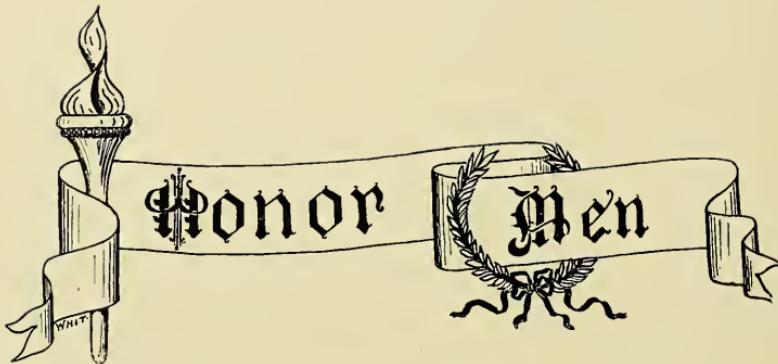
BANQUET OF TRUSTEES, FACULTY, ALUMNI AND UNDERGRADUATES, IN DRILL HALL, 10 P. M.

Wednesday, June twenty-first.

GRADUATING EXERCISES, ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES, AND CONFERRING OF DEGREES,
10 A. M.

Senior Appointments.

"The Morrill Act"	ELMER C. HINDS.
"The Future of Electricity"	HOWARD C. MAYNARD.
"Artificial Glycerides"	BERNARD H. SMITH.
"Coöperation in Farming"	SAMUEL E. SMITH.
"Natural Glycerides"	MELVIN H. PINGREE.
"Trusts"	FRED. H. TURNER.



Grinnell Agricultural Prizes.

B. H. SMITH, First.

S. E. SMITH, Second.



Hill's Botanical Prize.

C. M. WALKER.



Flint Oratorical Prizes.

A. C. MONAHAN, First.

H. BAKER, Second.



Burnham Prizes.

SOPHOMORES.

E. S. GAMWELL, First.

N. D. WHITMAN, Second.

FRESHMEN.

R. W. MORSE, First.

M. A. BLAKE, Second.



Freshman Drawing.

H. C. JAMES.



Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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COLLEGE COLORS.

Maroon and White.

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COLLEGE YELLS.

Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!

A! G! G-I-E!

Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!

Hokey-pokey! Ricka-racka!

Hi! Ro! Re!

Rig-a-jig-a-boom! Boom!

M! A! C!

Ag-gie! Ag-gie! Rah-rah! Rah-rah!

Ag-gie! Ag-gie! Rah-rah! Rah-rah!

Yo-yah! Yo-yah! Aggie! Aggie! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Review of the Year.



THE time has now come when the progress of our College and the advancement of its students during the past year, shall be recorded among the pages of the INDEX by the chroniclers of the Class of 1901.

We can safely say that the College, during the last twelve months, has not only made many improvements in its appointments and in its curriculum, but it still retains all the good qualities of previous years. Of the additions to our buildings, the new Veterinary Laboratory and Hospital Barn are the most important. The interiors and equipments of these buildings are in every way in keeping with the outward stateliness of their structure. On entering the first—the laboratory—the eye is at once attracted by the neat and clean appearance of the interior. To the right is the bacteriological room, which is in itself a model of completeness and convenience; on the left is the Doctor's private office. A lecture-room occupies the west end between the laboratory and inoculation room. The second floor is taken up by the museum, which contains many valuable and rare specimens of interest to the veterinarian. The attendant's room and two private offices for special students are also situated on this floor. Adjoining this building and a little to the west is a hospital for the care of animals. This stable contains all the latest sanitary improvements. Veterinary science has received a new impetus this year, as is shown in the large class electing this study.

In the Chemical Department, too, we find a number of changes, the most important of which is the marked increase in the staff of professors and assistants. The vacancy caused by Dr. Flint's resignation has been filled by Prof. S. Francis Howard, a graduate of M. A. C., '94, and later of Johns Hopkins University. B. H. Smith, '99, and M. H. Pingree, '99, have also been appointed assistants in the Chemical Department. Under the direction of Dr. Wellington many minor changes have been made about the laboratory which in time are expected to be of great use to the students. Further, the Junior Course has been modified and condensed so as to make it as broad as possible.

In Botany we see improvements going on under the able leadership of Dr. Stone. The Sophomore Course in Botany has become so crowded that lack of time has compelled the abolition of the customary examination in grasses and shrubs.

The Department of Entomology has its changes. Robert Cooley having resigned his position for a professorship in a western college, Prof. Fernald,

son of Prof. C. H. Fernald, has taken his place. In addition to the regular students of the four years' course, there are a number of special students taking a three years' course in this important branch of Zoölogy.

Our graduate course leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy appears to be growing in favor among our graduates. We have at present a number of students working for this degree.

The Faculty, ever watchful for the best interests of the College, has decided that compulsory Sunday Chapel should be abolished and in its stead a short service of thirty minutes at 9.15 A. M. This change allows the student the privilege of attending church elsewhere after the morning exercises at the College Chapel. The Faculty has also adopted a new system of Chapel cuts. This scheme permits 10 per cent. of the Chapel exercises as cuts, when a warning from the President is sent to the delinquent; 15 per cent. causes suspension for the rest of the term. Of course this will go hard on those unfortunate enough to be absent through sickness.

We are glad to state that the University of Göttingen, recognizing the work of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has opened her doors to students bearing diplomas from this College, and offers them equal footing with students of other colleges and universities.

Owing to the kindness of the Amherst College Athletic Association in allowing us the use of their track, we have made long strides in track-athletics. Our football-team has done excellent work, and a spirit of victory seems to be taking possession of the different athletic teams.

The social element of our College, so often neglected, is to be ably provided for this winter. The Fraternity Conference has taken the matter in hand, and we may expect to see a number of social gatherings this winter.

Looked at from all points, the year has been successful. The College is growing; the number of students is on the increase; the equipment has been improved; more funds are expected from the state; the courses are being made more thorough; and lastly the general tone of the College is improving. If this march of progress can be kept up at the pace set by this year 1899, then we may realize in the years to come a college worthy of the state of Massachusetts.



Junior Promenade.

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Patronesses.

MRS. H. H. GOODELL.
MRS. J. B. PAIGE.

MRS. HERMAN BABSON.

MRS. R. S. LULL.
MRS. J. E. OSTRANDER.

Committee of Arrangements.

F. A. MERRILL, *Chairman.*

PROF. R. S. LULL.
F. H. TURNER.
D. A. BEAMAN.
J. W. KELLOGG.

Y. H. CANTO.

PROF. J. B. PAIGE.
H. E. MAYNARD.
W. A. HOOKER.
G. F. PARMENTER.

JUNIOR PROM



The Botanic Walk.



I love that old Botanic Walk, the pond, the brook and meadow,
The stately poplars growing there, and every dusky shadow;
Each spear of grass, each leaflet, and each modest little flower,
Are mine to-day, though they were but the children of an hour.

I love to think of those old days, so pleasant to remember,
As on some stormy, wintry night, the yew-logs' glowing ember,
My mind sends drifting backward through the days that now are over,
When we were boys and wandered here amid the grass and clover.

From Editor's Waste-Basket.

An article of some 10,000 words, entitled, "A Scheme for the Further Development of the Department of Chemistry at the Massachusetts Agricultural College," having been accidentally destroyed at the last minute before going to press, it became necessary to fill up the vacancy with a few discarded letters rescued from the editor's waste-basket:

THE EDITOR OF THE "INDEX."

AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Sir: In reply to your circular No. 46,785, requesting a few brief remarks on my first impressions at "Aggie," I beg to submit them to you, and hope they will be of use in advertising as you suggest.

Perhaps I am green, but how was I to know the ways up here at Amherst? I don't know whether it was my fault or the conductor's, for he certainly said, "Am—hurst! Am—hurst! Do not leave any articles in the car." I thought, of course, I was to help take all the baggage out, and I got into awful trouble and was kicked off the car. I hired a cabman to take me up to the College, and he charged me \$1.50. I thought this was pretty steep, and told him so; but he said it was a kind of first payment or initiation-fee, and I wouldn't have to pay as much next time. I found a room all right with the aid of Prof. Canavan. It's a very nice one in South College, and Prof. Canavan said he would get me a room-mate if I wanted one—for a dollar. The Professor is a very pleasant, genial old gentleman, wears a white beard and soft felt hat. He is not very tidy about his clothes, but I've heard it said that great men often neglect their dress. He is very eccentric and excitable. His many duties at the College do not prevent him from engaging in an extensive furniture business. I have already met one of the members of the firm that owns the College. He must be very rich, indeed, for the Hash House belongs to him as well.

The expenses up here are more than I supposed. I had to buy a hymn-book the first morning and a general admission ticket to Sunday Chapel. The agent for these is Mr. Fat something—I forget his last name. They say he is a Junior. He seems to be quite a business man. There is a long-legged chap in the class above me; tried to sell me a lot of agricultural reports. He claimed he had bought them from a Junior, and was now strapped for the money, and wanted to get rid of them. I told him he would have to find someone greener than I.

I have made a number of other acquaintances in the Sophomore Class. There is a very handsome fellow who came up and spoke to me, and asked if I didn't want to be initiated into the Owl Club—whatever that is—and he seemed so nice and polite that I said I would; but at the same time I have since heard that this club has had its charter taken away by the Faculty. He must be a very important man about the College, for he's the best football-player on the team—he told me so himself; and he's a wonderful baseball-player. He said he could win a baseball-game by himself if he had fielders enough to catch the flies. He introduced me to the Vice-President of the Owl Club—a little fellow who is going to teach me to play basket-ball, because he knows more about it than any two men in College. There is a Sophomore who is awfully brave—perhaps you have heard of him. He went down to Cuba and killed more than a hundred Spaniards. He lets his hair grow long, and has a sweet though powerful voice. There are some other prominent men in the Sophomore Class. At least I fully believe the President would have to close up the place if they got down on him. In fact, it must be true, for I heard them say so. I do hope the President will not do anything to offend them, because it would be such a disappointment to so many who want to graduate from here. One fellow who comes from Belchertown is subject to fits of insanity when he plays foot-ball. These fits often cause him to grab his opponent's hair with both hands, at the same time talking volubly in French. Poor fellow! he can't help himself. There is rather an unfortunate case around here whose legs are so thin that he has to pad his calves when he wears a golf-suit. And he is such a pretty fellow, too; no wonder the girls like him.

What great men those Seniors are! Why, there is a little fellow in the Senior Class who knows so much that it seems almost impossible that he acquired it all in the short time he has been living. And he is so obliging that you never have to ask him about anything, for if he overhears just one word of your conversation, he can at once tell you everything you want to know.

How clever a man must be to manage a college paper. I have heard it said that the manager of the *Aggie Life* is very sharp on a business transaction, and that he has a mortgage over in Northampton that he has to keep careful watch over.

But, come to think of it, I haven't told you anything about my own classmates. Now, to be really confidential, Mr. Editor, I haven't much to say about them. We are very, very green; we are unused to the ways of the civilized world, and if some of us have acted ungentlemanly at times, it has been sheer thoughtlessness. We shall endeavor to perfect our manners and our morals by following the excellent example set for us by the Class of 1902, who, I am sure, are the most dignified, the most gentlemanly, and the most cultured body of men ever drawn together for a common purpose.

Thanking you very kindly, Mr. Editor, for your consideration of the Class of 1903, and if you will send me circular No. 46,785 (a), with an order-form for an "Index," I shall have much pleasure in making it out and forwarding you the money.

Yours very respectfully,

E. Z., '03.

My dear Sir: I hope you will pardon me for taking the liberty of writing to you. I have a son just about to enter college, and knowing you to be a man of considerable influence, I thought I might get you to take a little interest in him and to look after him a little for me. He has no bad habits or tendencies, except a desire to play foot-ball. Now, I think that foot-ball is the roughest game that men ever put their heads together to get up. I understand that it quite frequently happens that the men on the college teams are quite seriously injured, oftentimes for life. They frequently get a limb broken or a shoulder dislocated, besides many hard bruises. I think, too, that nobody but the toughest and worst set of men ever belong to a foot-ball team, and I don't want my son to mingle with such men. Besides, he only weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, and is only six feet and one inch tall. I am afraid that he is too small to play, and that the bigger boys will hurt him. A small boy always seems to get the worst of it in a game like foot-ball. Then, too, he likes base-ball, but he won't play unless he is permitted to catch, and I know that that position is a most dangerous one, and I do not like to have him play there. I know a man who got his nose broken while catching by a blow from a bat, and my son Willie has once or twice been hit in the leg or chest by a ball which he failed to catch. So I don't like to have him play base-ball. But I am perfectly willing that he should play tennis, especially if there be any young ladies with whom he may play. He very much enjoys their company, and I am sure he would not be so apt to get hurt. Although my son is quite small, he is very strong for his size, and enjoys such sports as throwing the hammer and the shot, but as he is in the growing stage I am afraid that he will strain himself, and I would not like to have him run any risks. So if you would kindly keep a watch over him and let me know if he intends to do any of these things, and try to keep him from them by your influence, I shall be very much indebted to you.

N. B.—The writer of this letter especially requests that we do not publish her name. At the same time we shall keep a sharp eye on the young man in question.

Ed.

130 Amity Street,
HONG KONG, China, Sept. 22, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "INDEX."

Dear Sir: Perhaps you in your mighty wisdom will see fit to disagree with me in my ideas, but I should like to ask why you do not issue, as a supplement to your "Index," a pamphlet entitled, "Sayings of the Faculty." This could be issued at a low price of ten cents or thereabouts, and might prove of inestimable benefit to the Freshmen, who would thereby be enabled to recognize the Faculty at once by placing these sayings.

Although it has been some years since I attended your institution, nevertheless I can recall a few of the most noted sayings at the time I was in attendance. For instance, I can hear Prexy say, as he walked up and down his office whistling his favorite *tune* (?), "Why, man, man, you can't do that!" Prof. Brooks used to say, "This has been pointed out before;" and Sammy used to remark *sotto voce*, "Let the talking cease." I presume, as usual, that the Doctor from the lab. has "a little scheme to propose," while his colleague, Dr. Flint, decides that "we will go on from this point at the next exercise." You can't omit Babby with his "Gentlemen, Gentlemen," or Hasbrouck with his incessant appeals for "more work." "Please answer to your names, Barry, Bridgeforth," etc., as Prof. Lull says; but what is the use of my going over the list? You will recall them only too easily, and I am of the belief that, if you should get out a list of these, it would meet with a ready sale.

Enclosed please find check for ten cents, for which please send me the first copy issued.

Yours truly,

SLEEPY BILL.



Wind-Falls.

PROFESSOR: "Mr. Todd, will you please set up that transit?"
TODDY: "Can't do it, sir, I'm dead broke."

FAIR FRIEND TO MONAHAN: "I suppose you hold a prominent position at College."

M.: "Yes, I'm above everybody, even the President."

STEVE AFTER A BLUFF IN ENGLISH: "By George, Ikey, I've got to stop bluffing; the treasurer is no spring chicken."

IKEY: "That's right, old man, you'd better quit or you'll feel his bill."

MARK TO TRUSTEES: "Say, you fellers, if you want to catch that car, you've got to get a hustle on you."

PROFESSOR LULL: "Mr. Leslie, what are the two parts of the skeleton?"

LESLIE: "Axillary and perpendicular."

PROFESSOR L.: "Yes, sir, thank you."

PROFESSOR H.: "Does the current go in or out, Mr. Gile? Come, now, you've just time to make a ten-spot or a zero before the bell rings. Which is it?"

GILE: "In."

PROFESSOR: "That's right." (Bell rings.)

GREELEY: "Please, Mr. President, the bad boys put my bicycle up a tree. How can I get it down?"

PREXY: "The best way for you to get it, Mr. Greeley, is to shin the tree."

C. A. C.: "I feel like a fool, and I suppose I look like one."

F. G. S.: "Right you are, old man; cheer up."

BROOKS: "Say, Professor, if a force acts on a body and no motion results, according to this definition, there is no work done. Now, supposing I spend an hour trying to raise a two-pound dumb-bell—"

(TOM CASEY: "You couldn't do it, Brooksey.")

—“Ah, keep still, you'll get me rattled—and can't;—no work is done?”

PROFESSOR: “Certainly not.”

B.: “Then a fellow can get all tired out without doing any work.”

PROFESSOR: “It very frequently happens so, especially in Mechanics.”

CHORUS AT THE HASH-HOUSE: “Going down to the Methodist Church, to-night, Bill?”

DAWSON: “Not by a d— sight. I'm going to the Y. M. C. A.”

OSTRANDER: “How would you adjust the vertical wire of the transit?”

“FAT”: “I'd use a plumb-line.”

OSTRANDER: “And if you didn't have a plumb-line?”

“FAT”: “I'd use a plum-tree.”

TABBY: “Mr. Smith, have you made up the bills for the laboratory work of the Class of 1901?”

SMITH: “Yes, sir.”

TABBY: “Well, just add \$4.00 to each account. I have not been treated with proper respect by this class that term.”

DICKERMAN IN DRAWING-CLASS BOthered BY SOMEONE: “Get to h— out of here.”

PROFESSOR: “Somebody will.”

WHO TIPPED AND WHO PAID? Fat and Ike just arrived from Springfield in a hack, two cases and two trunks. Ike (to driver)—“Just take those trunks upstairs, and here is fifty cents. This is for both of us.” Driver—“All right.” Fat (to driver when he reached the top of the stairs)—“Here's fifty cents. This pays for both of us.” Driver—“Thank you.”

TEXT OF PREXY'S MOST DRAWING SERMON: “Having incurred unexcused absences from church, I have to inform you that you can not incur others during this term.”

PROFESSOR MAYNARD: “In the summer the vines are pinched. In the fall the grapes are pinched.”

PROFESSOR F.: “This H₂S smells like er-er-er-er”—

GRAVES: “The devil.”

The New

COPY

NEW YORK, SATURD

JNEY MAKERS!

ant Ready For
g Bogus Output.

VERNMENT PAPER IS
WELL IMITATED.

Discovery Nips Plot of
Millions.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22—United Commissioner Henry Edmunds said the two counterfeiters, Arthur and Baldwin S. Bredell, who charged with having made the from which were printed spurious certificates, in \$2000 bail each.

test of Harvey Newitt was a surprise to politicians and lawyers as a graduate of the law department of the University of Pennsylvania a candidate two years ago for the office of speaker. He is having attempted to bribe men of means of the offering to give him \$5000 if he would keep the progress the do in their manufacturers of

ton of

sylvania district. They are forfeited to the government. Jacobs asserts that the value of his property and contents is \$40,000.

"At Kendig's factory we found two additional steel plates, which had been worn and torn, and a back plate of the celebrated \$100 silver certificate, seal and numbering machine."

ANNUAL SOPHOMORE BANQUET.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and One, Massachusetts Agricultural College—A Royal Supper.

SPRINGFIELD, April 22.—A large delegation from the class of 1901, Massachusetts state college, celebrated their sophomore night with an old dinner at the Cooley, this city, last evening. Shortly before midnight the boys sat down to the elaborate spread which had been prepared, and spent several hours in feasting and riotous eating.

After the banquet there followed an interesting program of speeches and music. Clarence Everett Gordon presiding. The toastmaster called the boys to order, and upon the first introductory remarks, called upon the first speaker of the evening, Nathan Davis Whitman, to respond to the toast, "Echoes of days at M. I. T." Mr. Whitman's address was mainly a narrative of pleasant memories associated with his life at Tech. Alexander Cavassy Wilson followed with "The Index" as his subject, and fully explained to the boys what such a book should be. The toast, "College halls," was responded to by Thomas Clegg, who recited some of his classmates and caused some laughter. "Wise fools" was treated by John Cornelius Barry in a way that delighted all. The way in which Edward Stephen Gamwell described "A convention of the jury" made his address one of the treats of the hour. The response to the toast, "Our teachers," by Allison Rice Dorman, listened to with pleasure. Frank Cushing Brooks gave an instructive talk on how to ride over rough and dangerous places. He was followed by John Harris Todd, who got a little side-tracked from his subject, although his dissertation might very properly be called a new method of treating geometrical and physical questions. Dickran Bedross, Tashjian gave a mystic talk in Armenian, which even the accomplished linguist of the class, Mr. Ovalle, failed to understand. After indulging in a few college songs the gathering broke up.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Adolph Brazeau Remembered by
Friends on Birthday.

Adolph Brazeau 23 Ash street, was surprised Wednesday night it by a play adver-

Y.
TO

What
Forward,

CLINTON L

APPR.

Keyless Boxe

CLINTON, A gram made this morning of office department in location of the next 10 years Clinton Y. M. C. A. It would soon have ters.

Edward W. Cora Y. M. C. A., was reporter this morning leaves its present q uarter and says there are no locations which the demands which the make in regard to the Society. Edward Cora move as he would be after that he does not know where he will be found young men who are while they are at the and he does not consider ideal location for quarters. There



..Menu..

Radicishes	—	Blue Points.	French Olives
—	—	—	—
Pommes Hollandaise	—	Consomme Royal.	—
—	—	Brook Trout.	Cucumbers.
Mashed Potatoes.	Lettuce.	—	—
Fillet de Boeuf. Mushroom Sauce.	Peas.	—	—
—	—	diarst punch.	—
Spring Chicken an Cresson.	—	—	—
Delmonico Potatoes.	Assorted Cake.	—	—
FROZEN Pudding.	Fruit.	Cheese.	—
Crackers	COFFEE A LA NOIR.	—	—

..Toasts..

CLARENCE EVERETT GORDON, Toastmaster	"Echoes of Days at M. I. T."	NATHAN DAVIS WHITMAN
—	"The Index"	ALEXANDER CAVASSA WILSON
'College Halls.'	"Wise Fool."	THOMAS CASEY
—	—	JOHN CORNELIUS BARRY
"A Convention of the 'Jury,'"	"Our Tallisman."	EDWARD STEPHEN GAMWELL
SELECTION BY QUARTET.	"Ponies."	ALLISON RICE DORMAN
—	"Quaternions."	PERCIVAL CUSHING BROOKS
"Hishadak me Antzalan."	"Hishadak me Antzalan."	JOHN HARRIS TODD
DICKRAN BEDROSS TASHJIAN	COLLEGE SONGS.	—

The Old Campus Tree.

DESTROYED NIGHT OF APRIL 16, 1899.

Full many a year has come and gone
Since first that tree, a tiny shoot,
Had grown into a chestnut fair,
And spread abroad its mighty root.

Though 'twas an o'd and useless tree
That stood upon the Campus bare,
Its task was not to decorate,
It had another purpose there.

Though time had made its ravages,
Protected by the hand of Fate,
The tree still looked across the slope
To welcome back each graduate.

Alumni, you recall that tree,
You've seen it from the chapel door;
You've learned to reverence the sight
Of that old tree, yet evermore

When you return with loving hearts
To view the scenes of college-days,
You'll search in vain with longing eyes
For that old tree to meet your gaze.

For on a dark and stormy night,
Like Becket at the altar slain,
Unable to defend itself
This modest tree was hacked in twain.

Another landmark of the past
Has disappeared—has seen its day;
Though for a while we miss it, yet,
Like it, we, too, must pass away.

A Summer by the Sea.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.

"Ah ! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me."

"Am I not in love with the sea?" was the question which Reginald Morton asked himself as he stood one day in June beside the pounding surf, and gazed far out across the breakers on the ocean. "In truth, I am in love with the sea. Not quite a year since last I sailed my boat among the many coves of old Tocoonoc bay. How the memory of that summer has haunted me through all the many months that have since elapsed!"

It was a beautiful summer day; such an one as might easily put the finishing touch to that delightful waking dream, a stroll along the beach. Although Reginald's heart was light at the thought of soon seeing his sister, as well as another whom yet he had never met, he could not make up his mind to leave the beach. Finding a secluded nook which was sheltered from the wind that blew from the seaward, he spread his coat upon the sands and lay down to watch the incoming tide. The waves soon lulled him to sleep. He awoke to find the tide had reached its height, and his shoes soaked where they had lain in the rising water. He climbed upon the rock and, spreading his shoes and stockings in the sun to dry, sat and watched the beetling breakers dash themselves to spray on the many boulders along the shore.

A few yards from where he sat a rocky headland divided from one another two long stretches of boulder-strewn sand, and hid the one beyond for a hundred yards or more. A ringing laugh among the crags drew his eyes in that direction. Two girls soon came in sight, but immediately on gaining the top they turned their eyes to the seaward, and failed to notice Reginald on the rock not thirty yards away. One he at once recognized to be his sister Maude; the other he conjectured must be she of whom he had heard so much, and to see whom, it must be confessed, an importunate sister had compelled him to forego his intended camping-trip and spend his summer at the beach.

It had been with much reluctance that he had given up his plans, but to please his sister, and carried away by her glowing descriptions as well as by his deep longing to be again beside the sea, he finally gave in. His vacation not beginning till two weeks after the folk had gone away, and being left alone, he had abundance of time to dream about the long vacation and what it might bring forth. The mental pictures which he had built up of this dream of feminine loveliness whom his sister had so rapturously described, left no fairer creature to be desired than they portrayed. But here before him in flesh and blood was she whom he had come an hundred miles to see. Was it any wonder, then, that he watched the lively figure stenciled against the sky?

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he started to put on his shoes, "these stockings ain't half dry. I'll stick it out; if they come over here, I'll hustle them off till I can put myself in respectable shape."

Under ordinary circumstances Reginald Morton would not have cared; that is, I mean had his sister been alone. But a combination of the known and the unknown, in circumstances like those of his present predicament, always disconcerted him. With the determination to await developments and make the best of what fate should decree, he sat still and watched the figures on the rocks.

Both girls wore their hair in loosely flowing locks, which waved and almost whipped in the stiff sea-breeze. Both wore closely fitting jackets, and skirts reaching to the ankles. Their faces were turned away, but the fleeting glimpse obtained as they climbed the rocks kept the silent watcher in eager expectation. Nor had he long to wait. Maude turned first, and at once discovered her brother on the rock. Without a word she hurried down the cliff and along the sands, dragging her companion with her, to where he sat.

"Reg," she said, "I think you are horrid to have sat here all this time without saying so much as boo."

"Well, I presume I am rather horridly fixed," he replied, glancing at his salt-stained clothes, and the foot-gear ripening in the sun.

"Why, Reg," inquired his sister, "have you been drowned?"

"Confound your everlasting joking," muttered Reginald under his breath, as he saw her companion turn away to hide a smile—a smile which so effectively set off a pair of sparkling eyes and two rows of pearly teeth that he instantly forgot the jest and his own indignation.

"No, I am not drowned," he replied in so subdued and gentlemanly a manner that she instantly asked with real concern if he was sick.

"No, my dear Maude, I am neither sick nor drowned," he replied a little warmly, "but I don't see why you persist in bothering a fellow at just this time."

"Well, it is too bad," she crooned, making Reginald feel more sheepish than ever. "Just been taking a little aqua, haven't you, Regia?" "Reg," she continued, "this is Miss Burton of whom I wrote you, you know."

"Wrote me, indeed," muttered Reg, as he shook hands sitting down, like some awkward country lout; and then recollecting himself he muttered something more or less inarticulate, and asked to be excused while he put on his shoes.

"Certainly, Reg," replied Maude, like the sensible girl she was; "we won't bother you any more; meet us at the house."

"Well, I've made a fine showing of myself," he growled when the girls were out of hearing. "Wrote me, indeed!" he ejaculated, "I haven't heard anything or thought of anything but Edith Burton for a month, and now I guess I sha'n't see anything but Edith Burton forever."

II.

"Have I not found a happy earth?"

That night at tea Reginald met Miss Burton in more pleasant circumstances, and made himself agreeable to everybody. He could appear very well, indeed, when at perfect ease about his personal appearance; and when Maude mentioned the little episode of the morning, he was ready to join in the laugh at his own expense. During the progress of the meal he several times tried to engage Miss Burton in conversation, but she fought shy of his approaches and made herself only the more attractive, so that by the time the meal was over Reginald Morton was completely charmed.

A few minutes later, Maude and her brother stood beside the garden-gate.

"Well, what do you think of her, Reg?" she inquired.

"Charming," replied Reginald, unwilling to commit himself to the extent of his feelings.

"Didn't I tell you so? You see, you'll never believe anything I tell you. Did you notice that her hair is red?"

Maude was a little disappointed that her brother had not at once gone head over heels into rapturous eulogiums, and was laying a plan to draw him out.

"Yes, it is a little red, but it is a very dark red, and I think it very beautiful," he replied.

"And did you notice that she has freckles?"

"Now, Maude, what is the use of running on in this strain?" he replied; "who would ever notice those freckles in the presence of such eyes?"

And thus he rattled on, greatly to Maude's inward satisfaction, for she believed he would fall in love at once, and this he had certainly done.

"Here comes Mr. Burnham," said Maude, as a gentleman of handsome appearance approached. He graciously bowed to Maude, whose face was beaming radiantly enough to give Reginald a clew to her own feelings.

"Mr. Burnham, this is my brother, whom we have been expecting so long, and who swam in this morning."

"You're not quite so much of a stranger as it might seem, you see," said Mr. Burnham, giving Reginald a hearty grasp. "Come by boat, I presume."

"No, I came by train."

"I understood Miss Morton to say you came by boat," was his puzzled rejoinder as he looked at Maude; but she had turned her face away.

"Oh, that sister of mine is prone to deal in enigmatical metaphors, and if you have been acquainted with her long," at which Mr. Burnham slightly colored, "you know she has a remarkable propensity for jokes. The truth is, I went from the depot to the beach, and there got my feet a little damp, and she has been making a great hullabaloo about it ever since."

"Oh, I see," he laughingly replied.

Just then Miss Burton appeared at the doorway.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Burnham," she said; "this is rather an unexpected pleasure; I thought you intended to leave us to-day."

"I did intend to do so," he replied, "but changed my mind."

"And to make us happy, concluded to stay," she said, finishing the sentence for him.

"I hadn't taken quite so broad a view of it," he replied.

"But such is the case, at any rate," she quickly interrupted, "and no excuses are necessary. Maude, is there time for a game of tennis before dark?" she asked.

"Why, yes, lots of it," replied Maude. "How good of you to think of it. You will play, Reg, of course?"

"Sure."

"And you, Mr. Burnham?"

"With pleasure, but I must get me a jersey."

"Come up in my den and I'll fit you out in no time," said Reginald; and the pair walked off arm in arm while the girls went off to change their suits.

"Edith Burton, you're a darling," said Maude, hugging her companion.

"Why am I a darling, Maude?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Maude, "ask Reg."

"Why, Maude Morton, what in the world has gotten into you? Suppose I should call you a darling and you should ask me why I did so!"

"Why, you would say of course, 'Ask your brother!'" replied Maude, busy with other thoughts, and Edith, worsted, turned her attention to getting ready for the game.

They soon finished dressing, and attired in their tennis-suits went down into the tennis-court. The boys were there with balls and rackets indulging in a little practice.

"Most worthy friends," said Reginald, approaching and bowing, "how shall we choose our sides? We will leave it for the ladies to decide."

"I have it," said Edith. "Mr. Morton, you will close your eyes and I will place in your hand two sticks of different lengths, the longer one for Maude, the shorter for me, and Mr. Burnham will draw."

"Hurrah for the scheme!" cried Reginald, "and a tiger for Miss Burton," and then calming down he closed his eyes and held out his hand while Miss Burton arranged the sticks. Mr. Burnham then stepped forward and drew one from Reginald's hand. It was the longer one.

Reginald and his partner went to the other end of the court, and the game began. A sharp contest decided the game in favor of Reginald and his partner. The rackets were put away, and the whole party went for a stroll along the beach.

It was a fine moonlight night; the waves were pounding on the sands; the waters gleamed with the reflected light of a full moon. A cool breeze fanned their faces, flushed with the exertion of the game.

"I move we adjourn to the house for something to eat," said Reginald, after they had proceeded a short way.

"Ditto!" was the chorus, and the party retracing their steps soon reached the house.

Ransacking the pantry, the girls soon found enough for an appetizing spread, and all pitched in. Lunch over and the dishes cleared away, the whole party retired to change their tennis-costumes for a more suitable evening dress, and were soon gathered in the cozy little parlor to spend the remainder of the evening.

Maude sat down at the piano and rattled off a march or two, and then turning to her brother, she said:

"Reg, you must sing us something; what shall it be?"

"Oh, anything," he replied, "some song of the desert perhaps." He was thinking of Hogg's beautiful lines.

Maude picked out an old favorite, and they began. Reginald had a fine bass voice, and he sang his best. "If only I could stir somebody's heart," he thought.

As he sat down he looked at Miss Burton, who quickly dropped her eyes, and a soft color mantled her face.

"Now, Edith, you must sing us something."

"I would rather not to-night," she gently replied.

"But you must, Edith Burton," replied Maude with a look so beseeching and full of meaning that she blushingly gave her consent.

She rose and went to the piano. Maudé had found something which she declared to be just the thing, and finding the key played the prelude. Then as from a world of dreams a soft, silvery voice began to sing an old, familiar

Italian song. Often had Reginald heard it sung, but never like this. Soon, as silently and as mystically as it had come, the song died away, leaving poor Reginald enthralled in a most happy state of mind.

"Will you not favor us, too, Mr. Burnham?" inquired Maude.

"Not to-night, thank you. You would not have me break the enchantment of a nightingale's song," he replied, rising and bowing to Miss Burton, who blushingly bowed in return.

Mr. Burnham now expressed his intention of leaving, so Miss Burton bade him good-night and quietly slipped away. Reginald left his sister to see the guest off, and betook himself to a sleep of pleasant dreams.

III.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"

A month went by—a very pleasant month it was to Reginald,—and he saw with regret his vacation drawing to a close.

"Edith," he said, as they strolled along the beach together one morning, for they were now boon companions, "shall we take a sail this morning?"

"What a happy thought! What a beautiful day it is!" she replied, gazing out across the water where numerous sails were scudding here and there.

"Beautiful!" he echoed, "and will you go?"

"With pleasure."

"Then do you go and put on your sailor-costume while I hunt up Uncle Ben," he replied.

She stood for a moment gazing at the rolling breakers till one gently lapped her shoe; then stooping and waiting for the next wave's caress, she softly repeated:

"O, cruel, hungry sea,
Thou wouldest devour me,
And yet I love but thee,
I love but thee."

Reginald looked down on that fair form crouching at his feet, on the fair head with its locks of dark hair filled with bright sabbatia blossoms, on which the bright sunlight was streaming, and softly repeated after her:

"And yet I love but thee,
I love but thee."

His heart gave a bound as he saw the tell-tale color stealing among the tresses of hair that fell over her neck and shoulders.

"Meet me at the wharf," he said as he hurried away on his quest for Uncle Ben.

He soon found that genial old man, in whose capacious heart there seemed to be a place for every boy and girl in his large circle of acquaintances, and made known his errand.

"Wa-al, I guess so," the old man replied, when Reginald asked him for his boat, "but what is the matter with ye, sonny? Ye look as fresh as the first morning."

"It's the weather, I guess, Uncle Ben," he replied. "Is the boat all ready?"

"Yes, it's all ready for ye, but don't go too far out; the breeze is stiffening," was the old man's caution as Reginald hurried away. His steps could hardly keep pace with his heart, that was throbbing at thoughts which only through it could find expression, and he sang a blithesome sea-song as he half walked and half ran to the beach:

"Sun or rain, good weather or no,
Give me a boat and away I'll go.
Nor clouds, nor wind, nor rain, nor snow,
Shall keep me home, but away I'll go—
A-sailing."

Reaching the beach he found the tender, and shoving off, was soon alongside the "Gull," for such had Uncle Ben happily named his boat. Jumping aboard he took in the protecting canvas, and found everything snug and dry, as Uncle Ben had said. He pulled out some cushions, and then hoisting the jib and mainsail, and tying in a couple of reefs in the latter, he weighed anchor and sailed for the wharf, where already he could distinguish the form of someone waiting.

"Waiting for me," he said aloud; "but I wonder if she is really waiting for me," he thought.

Arriving at the wharf, he stepped forward to the mast and held the boat in place while Edith stepped on board. Then pushing off, he took his place at the tiller and headed for the mouth of the bay.

Reginald could not but notice a slight embarrassment on the part of his companion, and this he determined to dispel at once.

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed, "I forgot all about a lunch, and I'm as hungry as a bear. Did you think to bring anything with you, Edith?" he asked.

She laughed, and without at first replying, thrust her hand into the depths of a bag at her side. Taking out a square package she untied the string which bound it, and spread the contents on the seat between them.

"There, help yourself," she said. "See how well I have provided, you careless boy."

"Well, I should say you had," he replied, attacking a huge sandwich.

"It fairly makes me hungry to see you eat," she said, as one after another the sandwiches disappeared.

"Then do you pitch in, too, before these are all gone," he replied.

This she did with a zest, and before long the larger portion of the ample lunch had disappeared. The remainder she packed away in the depths of the provision-bag. The ice now broken, they chatted freely in the full enjoyment of each other's company.

At the end of two hours the breeze had strengthened considerably, and mindful of Uncle Ben's caution, Reginald came about and headed for home. The whole expanse of water was now covered with foaming white-caps. Through these the boat easily plowed her way, and rose and fell on the heavy surge that was now rolling in from farther out at sea. Now and then a wave would wash across the bow, or a stiffer gust would tip the boat until the gunwale touched the water.

Edith's eyes were now on fire with the pleasure and excitement of battling with the waves.

"Isn't this fine!" she exclaimed, turning a dazzling pair of eyes on her companion.

"Grand!" he replied, as he gazed into the depths of her sparkling eyes. It seemed to him that he had never seen her quite so fair. "I wish the voyage of life might—"

"Look, Reg! quick!" she exclaimed, interrupting him, and peering under the sail to the leeward.

Reginald quickly did as she bade. Not twenty yards away, and bearing directly down upon their path, was a boat of about the same size as the "Gull," with mast and bowsprit, but with no sails spread. A short smoke-stack told the story. The helm was lashed, and no one was in sight. It was impossible to turn about; to do so would place them directly in the path of the on-coming boat. There was no way but to run it out, and trust to good fortune to escape collision.

Edith saw his plan, and bravely met the emergency. Every second seemed an hour as they anxiously awaited the result. Reginald gave a shout of joy when he saw they should pass unharmed, and climbed quickly aft to peer into the passing boat. He had not counted on the bowsprit; no sooner had he climbed beside the tiller than he felt a blow on the head, and knew no more.

IV.

"I love but thee."

It was a week before Reginald regained consciousness, and came again to be aware of the things going on about him. He awoke in a strange room. A

nurse sat by his bedside. She smiled when he wonderingly inquired where he was, and gently replied:

"You are with friends; do not ask any more questions till you are stronger."

He lay back and closed his eyes, and tried in vain to recall a circumstance, but could not, and finally dropped asleep. He awoke on the morrow much refreshed, and everything came back to him like a flash. As he lay there thinking over the events of the day's sail, it seemed as though months had passed away since then.

The door gently opened and a nurse came in, bringing his breakfast.

"Good morning," she said, approaching the bed and laying a soft hand on his forehead. "How do you feel this morning? Your fever has quite disappeared."

"I am feeling quite strong," he replied, trying to rise; but the effort was too great, and he fell back upon the pillows.

"You had better remain quiet to-day," said the nurse as she arranged the pillows so that he might gaze out of the window. "To-morrow you will be stronger."

"May I see any visitors?" he inquired.

"Not to-day," she replied; "you are hardly strong enough; but to-morrow you may."

The day passed slowly by. The nurse came in and read awhile in the afternoon. The remainder of the time he spent gazing out of the window at the sea. Night found him tired, and ready to go to sleep early. He awoke with the dawn, and saw the sun rise from out the depths of old ocean as he lay dreaming of what the day might bring forth. His mind went back to a day—how long it seemed since then!—when a fair young girl and he stood on that very beach which he now saw from the window of his room. The nurse soon brought in his breakfast, and after eating it he lay back on the pillows to dream.

"I wonder how she ever got that boat and me ashore," he thought.

His train of thought was interrupted by a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," he said.

The door was opened, and Maude entered the room.

"Hello, Maude!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, brother dear!" she replied, hurrying to the bedside and kissing him a dozen times as only a loving sister will. "How do you feel this morning, Reg?"

"Tiptop, and tolerably strong, my dear Maude; but I don't hardly believe I could stand another such bombardment."

"It won't be necessary, you dear boy," she said. "I was simply overjoyed at seeing you; do you know how long you've been here?"

"The nurse told me I had been here a week, but it seems months since—say, Maude, how in the world did we ever get to land that day?"

"Why, in a boat, you glooney," she replied.

"Oh, is that so! you don't mean it?" replied Reginald sarcastically.

"But I do; and more, I mean that Edith sailed the 'Gull' to port with you on board."

"Edith Burton sailed the 'Gull'!" he exclaimed. "Surely you are joking, Maude."

"But I'm not," replied Maude. "Surely you don't suppose that she would trust herself with such a landsman as you."

This was a poke which Reginald felt that he little deserved; and though he knew it was given in a spirit of fun, excited by his incredulity, he was in no mood for a joke, and replied a little warmly:

"Now, Maude, don't you go to punching me when I'm laid up helplessly in bed."

"Now, Reg, I didn't mean anything," said Maude in a grieved tone, and he, seeing that she was sorry, of course forgave her at once.

They talked about many things, and at last Maude rose to leave.

"And so she is a sailor, too," said Reginald, as Maude was about to go.

"Yes, Reginald, she is a sailor, too. Do you now believe what I told you two months ago?"

He did not reply.

"I think that Edith will call to-morrow," she continued.

Reginald felt the color rising. Maude must have seen the flush, for she said:

"Oh, I knew you would, Reg. She is a lovely girl, and I think she loves you, too."

Reginald's face grew redder than ever, but he felt too happy to care.

"Well, good-by, Reg," said Maude, kissing him again; but this time he kissed her, too.

"Was that meant for me, brother?" she asked as she was going out the door.

"Oh, begone, you rogue," said Reginald, now redder than ever, but Maude was out of hearing.

Of course, the remainder of the day went off at a snail-pace. The morrow dawned, the forenoon passed; she had not come. Dinner was a tasteless meal at best. Even the sight of the sea could not calm his restless soul. One, two, and at last three o'clock struck the hour, and still she had not come.

He was about to give up with a sinking heart when he caught sight of someone approaching the house.

"Come at last," he said, as he waited for the bell to ring.

He had not mistaken the slight girlish figure.

"A young lady has called to see you," announced the nurse.

"Kindly show her in," he replied.

He turned away to conceal his agitation. He heard a light step without; the door gently opened, and closed. Then somebody approached the bed. He turned and took the extended hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Edith!"

"Reginald!"

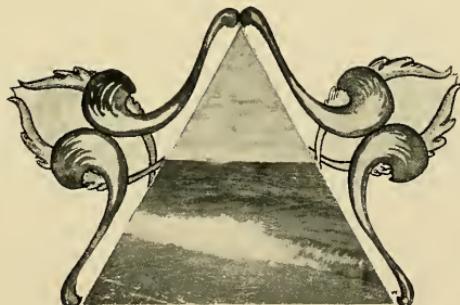
There was no mistaking the tenderness of the beautiful eyes, or the color that diffused itself over her cheek. Reginald Morton knew that his love was returned.

"Edith," he said, "do you remember the day upon the beach when you repeated those lines to the sea, and I made my avowal?—

'And yet I love but thee,
I love but thee.'

I have not changed. Edith, can you still say that you love but the sea?"

"Reginald," she softly replied, "I love but thee;" and bending she kissed him of her own sweet accord, while he retained the fair head for a moment to place in the dark hair a dried sabbatia blossom.



With Love to "Sammie."

Oh! "Sammie" wrote a lecture,
He wrote it in a week,
And he wrote it so very, very long,
That when he tried to read it
The students fell asleep,
And they didn't seem to think that it was wrong.

He wrote about the farmer,
And he wrote about the rain,
And he wrote about the coming of the day
When the world should be awakened,
And everyone would look
To see what our "Sammie" had to say.

He wrote about the apple,
And he wrote about the pear,
And he wrote about the fruitage mighty fine.
He wrote about the principle
Of how the spinach grows,
Of anything at all to take up time.

He took us out a-walking,
And he showed us to the grapes,
And he told us of the virtue of a pinch.
But we never lost a minute
While the grapes were hanging there;
No, we never lost a minute of the cinch.

He caught a fellow talking,
And he jumped upon his neck,
And he talked about our morals mighty strong.
But when he gently murmured:
"You, sir, may leave the room—"
Well, he didn't keep him waiting very long.

We love our little "Sammie,"
We love his funny jokes,
And we'll stick to "Sammie," dear, through thick or thin;
But in the days hereafter,
We'll all remember "Sam"
With a little bunch of whiskers 'round his chin.



Stuck in Agriculture.

Scene: North Amherst Car.

(Enter *Aggie* student, who sits down beside an old gentleman.)

O. G. Nice day.

Student. Glorious day! I wish we might have air like this in the summertime; it helps the children so.

O. G. (surprised). What! are you a married man?

Student. Well, no, not yet. But a— I was interested in a fresh-air fund last summer, and the children did seem to enjoy the country so. I am glad to see that the wealthy people in the large cities have taken up my idea, and next summer I expect to have my hands full superintending the work.

O. G. It seems to me I've heard my son speak of you.

Student. Why, yes, undoubtedly. I am very well known about town; I'm a prominent student at "Aggie."

O. G. Why, yes, surely I've heard of you; you're very much interested in agriculture, are you not?

Student. No, you're mistaken there; my hobby is chemistry. Agriculture is all right, but they don't know how to teach it up there.

O. G. Why, I thought the College was strong in that department.

Student. Oh, no; you don't know the Professors up there. Now, I don't believe the instructor in stock-breeding knows a Southdown sheep from a Tamworth sow. (Car stops at Professor Cooley's door.)

O. G. (rising). Well, good-day, young man; I am very pleased to have met you. I get off here; I merely came down to see my son on a few matters of business.

Student (as the car moves on). By Jove! I see my finish if that's Cooley's old man.

THE 25th

ANNUAL DINNER
of the

SANKHABEHALUCK

CLUB

of

M. A. C.

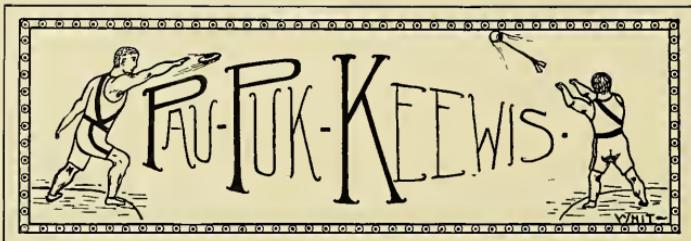
— MENU —

HAMPTON HOUSE
Pure of Tomato and Cucumber
Celery
Olives
Broiled Veal Steak
Vanilla Pudding - Current Jelly
French Potatoes French Rice
Baked Veal Pie
Chicken Salad and Mayonnaise
Frozen Pudding and Bacon
Devoted Cake
Rogueraid Sheep Sausage
— Coffee —

OCTOBER 30, 1897.

TOASTS —

P.C. H. H. H. - XYZ Toastmaster
Bill — My Grandmother's Funeral
They — My Hartford Friend
The Duke — Rubber —
Abe — Love Stories
Soiled Top — Aaron French
T. H. — Boots
Blancy } The Hobos C. R. & G.
Fat — The Ball Game
Phoebe "How dry I am"
H. S. → Fine



Everyone knows Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the man of brawn and muscle,
Whom the students call the Boaster.
How he vexed us with his bragging!
You shall hear a bit of nonsense,
Of his wondrous deeds of prowess,
How he startled the spectators
On the campus of the Aggies.

Now in search of new adventures
From the Stockbridge house descending,
Came the noble Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came the last of the Mohicans.
He was puffed with pride and feeling,
He was swollen like a bladder,
You have heard how he was jollied,
How they laughed at Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Little heeded he their laughing,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
All were struck on Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Soon would come the test of prowess
With a strong and worthy foeman,
Could he but fulfill his boasting;
'Round his head he whirled the hammer,
Threw it into yonder river.
All Smith College heard the echo
As the leaden ball, descending,
Smote upon the placid waters,
Waters of the ancient river.
Well, they knew the explanation,
They had heard of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
Then he took the Grecian discus,
Hurled it over on Mount Warner;
Up he grabbed the ball of iron,
Put the shot down in the cornfield.
Thus he proved himself a hero
To his friends and to his comrades.

Fact and fiction go together,
What you've heard is mostly fiction.
Listen only for a moment,
Listen till we can complete the story.
You have heard how he was jollied,
How they laughed at Pau-Puk-Keewis,
As he practiced with the hammer,
As he threw the Grecian discus,
As he hurled the ball of iron,
To gain honor for his comrades.
After shadow comes the sunshine,
Only practice brings perfection;
This was true with Pau-Puk-Keewis.
On a day not soon forgotten,
We all know who won the shot-put,
Honor be to Pau-Puk-Keewis.



Sunset in the Autumn Woods.

Beautiful is every hill and meadow
In the glowing colors of October.
Jays are screaming, nuts are dropping,
Crows are cawing to each other;
Gently-blowing zephyrs sway the tree-tops,
Shadows, dark and gloomy from the hemlocks,
Cross the lonely forest pathway.
Twilight deepens, sombre darkness
Hides the landscape, hill and meadow
Vanish ; now and then the screech-owl's
Weird and solemn note is heard to linger
In an echo from the hillside yonder,
While anon the omnipresent crickets
Add their plaintive voices to the dying
Echoes of the twilight hour.

In the Bad Lands of Wyoming.



Y invitation of Professor Henry F. Osborn of the Department of Biology at Columbia University, Professor Lull of the Department of Zoölogy of this College was able to spend a very interesting and profitable three months in company with the expedition sent out last summer by the American Museum of Natural History, on a search for Dinosaurs in the rich Jurassic formations of the Bad Lands of Wyoming. The expedition was in charge of Professor Osborn who, as Curator of the American Natural History Museum, is widely known in scientific circles.

While an account of the journey from a scientific point of view would be very interesting, it is not in our power to so treat it, and the purpose of this sketch is to attempt only a brief mention of some of the daily features of camp-life on the prairie.

The Professor has many interesting experiences to relate of prairie-life, which he found quite novel compared with that to which he had been accustomed in New England. The novelty of the life and the interesting character of the country helped to relieve what might otherwise have been a monotonous trip; for the drudgery which attended the work of excavating the fossil remains was considerable, and naturally could not have helped to very materially brighten a life which at best must have been very lonely in a country where miles of uninhabited land stretch away on every side, and where the only persons to be seen were one's own companions. Of course the irksomeness was in a measure compensated for by the interest which attached to the work: to everyone interested in the study of the earth's history or the remains of those ancient organisms, each new discovery must be a source of true delight.

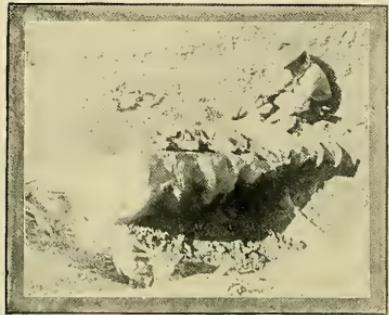
These old remains found imbedded in the Jura formations are estimated to be fourteen million years old. Imagine, then, with what awe one must look upon the remains of one of those old monsters, uncovered for the first time in



all these centuries, a period which the imagination in vain attempts to span; or for the first time traces the footprints, in what is now solid rock, of some gigantic animal of that ancient epoch, since which age thousands of cycles of time have rolled away and millions of multifarious forms of life have lived and perished, or left us but the skeleton of their former selves.

The members of the expedition did not go in a body, but the several members straggled to their summer camp alone, or in pairs, at different times and over different routes. Professor Lull left Jersey City on the afternoon of the 16th of May, and arrived at Laramie, Wyoming, on the morning of the 19th shortly

after midnight. At Laramie he purchased his camping-outfit for the journey. In company with Professor Knight of Wyoming University, he left Laramie on the same morning for Rock Creek, and there met Professor Knight's team, which had left Laramie the night before. From here they rode by team across the prairie to Bone Cabin Camp, where the quarry was located, and where Professor Lull met the men with whom he was to be associated during the summer in quarry-work. This was Saturday night. It began to



snow in the evening, and the storm continued till the afternoon of Sunday. Monday dawning fair, the men commenced their labors for the season by digging out the snow from the quarry.

From now on the days were spent in quarry-work, with occasional prospecting-trips into the surrounding country. The winter season lasted but a few days longer; summer weather came on, bringing its scourge of wind, sand, and mosquitoes. Many pleasant hours were spent in the quarry on those days when discoveries and successful excavations were made, as also were many tedious hours spent with no material results. Disheartening times were those days, and they were many, that passed by with nothing but the labor for the pains, and yet they must have made the life seem all the more natural for their occurrence.

Evenings were spent in twilight walks, in chatting, reading, or writing, or in developing photographs taken during the day. The Professor kept up a constant correspondence, which he illustrated by means of blue-prints from photographs taken by himself. By means of the camera many pleasant hours were spent in profitable recreation. Many excellent views of the country, the camp, and little episodes which served to illustrate the life from day to day, were secured. These not only must have very effectively enhanced the letters sent home, but have the

additional value of constituting an almost continuous panorama of the journey. To them the Professor may at any time refer, and by the aid of memory and imagination live over again the summer on the prairie. The developing was frequently done at night after the day's work was over, and in spite of the many difficulties many excellent negatives were obtained. At the camp an old stable was rigged up as a dark-room, and the developing was often done in here.

The camp-life was by no means free from the difficulties which usually attend a nomadic life. Once the only source of water was melted snow, and once a sardine-can full of ham fat served as an excellent substitute for a lamp. During the summer weather sleeping was done out of doors on the open prairie, with no other roof than the star-studded vault of heaven, and with no other covering than a blanket.

Frequent trips were made to the post-office at Medicine Bow, for nothing was more welcome than the letters and magazines from the wife and friends at home.

The village of Medicine Bow, consisting of a few houses bunched together on the prairie, is a typical little prairie-town barren of all beauty and comfort, and exposed to winds and prairie sand-storms. The streets, if they may be so called, are strewn with refuse, old tin cans and broken bottles. No vegetation of any sort relieves the barren aspect.

Prairie-dogs, coyotes, and herds of antelope were common sights near camp, while smaller game were plentiful to a superabundance. Of the last was a species of squirrel or sphermophile, which was very common. The little fellows were exceedingly intrepid, and would often pillage the tent in search of food, or would sit at the opening and nibble the crumbs thrown to them.

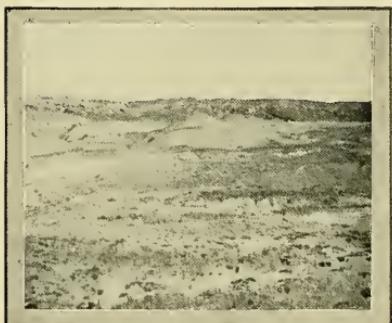
One very striking characteristic of the country is the fierce winds which sweep unobstructed over the boundless prairie, carrying clouds of sand, which nearly blind one, and make life miserable. These winds are so powerful that they cause the trees to grow in a spiral form, the grain of the wood turning in a spiral manner around the axis of the tree. The Professor secured a photograph of a pine which had twined itself, under the influence of the powerful winds, around the trunk of another, presenting a novel sight.

Grocery-supplies were obtained from Medicine Bow. Sage-chickens, which were very abundant, offered the opportunity for a little sport, and often proved a very welcome addition to the larder. The kitchen consisted of a stove, and its



companion, the wood-pile, placed on the open prairie. The horses were generally hobbled at night, one being tethered to prevent a stampede in case a coyote visited the camp.

The quarry-work during the first two or three weeks was carried on altogether at Bone Cabin Quarry, but a new quarry was soon opened up some four miles distant from the old camp, on Little Medicine river. This was called Nine-Mile Camp, and thither three of the party, including the Professor, moved their outfit on the afternoon of June 25th. They found at the new quarry a needed change of surroundings and a fine stretch of scenery in the winding course of the Little Medicine river. The new prospect proved a fertile one, and the work of excavating proceeded with new impetus.



tain-peak brought vast stretches of prairie-land into a grand and inspiring perspective.

After a pleasant journey of two weeks the travelers returned to Bone Cabin Camp on the 20th of August. The rest of the time was spent here in quarry-work. On the 28th of the month the Professor bade good-by to his comrades, and left Medicine Bow for home.

Work continued here till August 4th, when the Professor, with two companions, started on a prospecting trip to the northward. The trail led through wild but beautiful scenery: now across the level mesa, now through broken country, with buttes and bluffs on every hand. These bluffs are marvelous in form and color, and give a most picturesque appearance to the landscape. An occasional settlement, or now and then a sheep-herder's ranch, relieved the loneliness of the trip, while a climb to the summit of some mountain

Following are descriptions of the accompanying photographs which were taken by Professor Lull on his trip:

The first cut gives a very fine view of Little Medicine river, which winds its way among successive bluffs of Triassic and Jurassic sandstone until lost to view in the distance. The photograph was taken from a point near the Nine-Mile Quarry. The town of Medicine Bow is nine miles away.

The second cut illustrates a scene at Nine-Mile Quarry. Nine vertebrae of a gigantic Brontosaur are shown exposed, being a part of a huge vertebral column measuring eighty feet in length.

The third cut gives a picture of Bone Cabin Camp, or the Home Camp, as it was generally called. The shack, the tents and the wagon belong to the expedition. The horses are those of a sheriff and his posse who stopped at the camp while on the trail of a gang of bandits who held up the Overland Limited of the Union Pacific and robbed the train of \$50,000. The bandits escaped into the mountains, and were never caught.

The last cut gives another and more characteristic picture of the Bad Lands. The photograph was taken one and one-fourth miles west of the Nine-Mile Camp. The summit shows the prairie level, elevation 6,500 feet. The slope along the top of the picture is a cretaceous formation exposed by erosion. The knolls are Jurassic buttes, also worn away by erosion. The bad lands in this picture are typical Dinosaur beds. A Stegosaurus, or armored Dinosaur, was found in this very place.

To a Certain Senior.

There was a little man,
And he had a little name,
And he wrote it just as plain as it could

 Be, be, be,
At the bottom of a paper,
Just where everyone would look,
And read this little name that they could

 See, see, see.

He took his little paper
To the man who owns the "Hash,"
And he hollered just as loud as he could

 Bawl, bawl, bawl.
But he got the students kicking
About who should sling the hash,
And then the little man he had to

 Crawl, crawl, crawl.

Dedications.



To Freshman Higgins.

Never look for trouble till trouble looks for you.
Never stop for trouble when trouble is your due.
Jump out of your window,
Leg it to the barn,
Follow me, O Freshmen!
You'll never come to harm.



To the Drill Hall.

I know you've seen that ugly thing
That on the Campus stands;
Some had the crust to speak of it
As work of artists' hands.
But all the art there is in that
Old building called "The Hall,"
Is in the numbers on the roof,
In those, and that is all.

1901.



To Octavia.

My heart, "O sweet consoler!"
Will never be my own.
'Tis lost, with all my happiness,
Your heart must be its throne.
C.— —to.



To Freshman Tinker.

A stumbling-block they needs must be
A dark, appalling mystery,
A foe so subtle none can meet—
My everlasting great big feet.



To the Choir.

They sing so soft, so sweet and low,
Or pealing forth with steady flow,
Deep notes of bass, then rising higher,—
The choir, our choir, the College choir.

Class of 1902 $\frac{1}{2}$.



SHORT-COURSE MEN.



Class Yell.

Hokey, pokey, we're on deck,
Razzle, dazzle, rubber neck,
Humpty, dumpty, up again,
Aggie, Aggie, short-course men.



Class Colors.

Green and White.



Class Motto.

"He wept."—Genesis 5: 3.



Short Course.

Members.

CURTIS MERRITT BLAIR	Blandford.
CLARENCE EATON BUCKLEY	Dorchester.
AXEL G. CARLSON	Shirley Centre.
EDWARD SEYMOUR CARRINGTON	Monterey.
GEORGE HOWARD FROST	West Newton.
WILLIAM RAYMOND GOODFIELD	Gilbertville.
GABRIEL SOLOMON JEJEIAN	Roomdigen, Turkey.
ARTHUR HENRY NOURSE	Bolton.
VAILL ELLIOTT NYE	Westfield.
EARLE ADAMS RANDALL	Hadley.
THOMAS FRANCIS SULLIVAN	Amherst.
CLAER ALFRED TALLBERG	Uxbridge.

Class of 1902^{1/2}.

History.

TO THE EDITOR.

My dear Sir: Yours received. I shall be pleased to give you as little information as I can concerning the doings of my class, and I hope you will find them of transient interest. Nobody knows how dry I am, or I should never have been asked to write a class history. Moreover, such a task is a dreadful undertaking for a chronic liar such as a short-course man must be, for surely a liar's course is short.

Dear me! dear me! When I stop to think of it I can hardly recall my existence as a short-course man. Ours was a meteoric class; it struck the Aggie atmosphere, shone for a moment, and then like a meteor it was gone, and I'll be darned if there was anything left of that class. I went up to College not long since to try and get some information, but nobody knew anything about us, or if they did, they could not recall a circumstance of our brief career. One man did remember of seeing a shooting-star one night along the latter part of the month of March, and although he knew that somebody must have shuffled off this mortal coil, he noticed no particular change in the life of the community except that a few less farmers than usual appeared in Chapel the next morning. In short, I am convinced that we didn't cut much ice up there, anyhow.

To be serious, we were not half a class anyway. We were sandwiched in between the freshest gang I ever saw, and a pack of howling fiends, who gave us no peace whatever. This last gang seemed to have no respect for age or beauty. Everybody ran when they saw us; whether this had anything to do with the souring of milk at the barn I can not tell. Our Major was bombarded at the fort on the hill, and made to ingloriously retreat as fast as his short legs could carry him.

Inside the ring our life was not free from drudgery and care. Though we loved "The Boss," at the same time we would often get a little exasperated at him. He would have us do his every bidding, or else he would so storm and fume as to give us no peace. We often wanted to swear at him in our own homely mother tongue, but as this wouldn't sound well, we got Dutchy to swear in German till we got cooled off, and then we would pass the hat, that Dutchy might be absolved.

However, there were some fine fellows in that class, many of whom I love; but as a class we were a total failure. This is sometimes true, Mr. Editor, that a class of first-rate fellows is a last-rate class.

Now, there was Buckley, a fine fellow, who carried off the prize, and he who always appeared as though his last friend had left him. And Dutchy, too, poor Dutchy! he didn't stay long. Bill Nye said he went off on the road with Adams, but this may not be true. Then there were Blair, and Goodfield, and Nourse, and the stalwart Major, and Kriconian, too, who came and went, and was heard of no more.

Then there was that student gang, led by "The Boss," with Sam, he of the resonant voice, and that goody-goody fellow, Church by name, and Lewis, who vied with Sam, in the key of G, and another dark chap, who came around when we lighted up at Knight, a smart but eccentric fellow. He would never say anything unless you happened to stumble up against him, when he would let out some inarticulate growl.

Oh, we were a motley set! We lived; and that we died I am glad to have a chance to put on record in your immortal book.

With grateful heart, I remain

Yours truly,

CONFONDICUS SALUBRICUS RUSTICIBUS.



The Sentiment of J. H. Todd.

Just one smile for me, Venus,
Just one sweet smile for me,
I'm your servant, lovely Venus,
Most humble unto thee.

I once was skeptic, Venus,
A doubter of your charms;
But now one smile, my Venus,
I come with open arms.

I once did scoff at thoughts of love;
The fire was burning low.
But now one dart from Cupid's hand
Has set it all aglow.

So just one smile, my Venus,
Just one sweet smile for me,
I'll be true as steel, my Venus,
Forever unto thee.

New Year Resolutions.

PREXY: "I'll cut no more."

SAMMY: "This year I really must do something."

TABBY: "I'm going to make a few repairs in the laboratory."

BABBY: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I want to take a little time to make this announcement to the fellows, because you know in the past it has been customary for some gentlemen to consider this department as something more or less of a big joke; and as I said before, as this seems a fitting time, I have, therefore, resolved to stop."

BILLY: "In my lectures this coming year I'll go a little more into detail."

FREDDY: "I'll practice farming."

SMITH: "I will join the benedicts."

DOC. STONE: "I'll throw my stub away and light a new cigar."

DOC. FERNALD: "I'll join the football-team."

DADDY: "I'll be in my office at office hours."

OSTY: "I'll run the schedule to suit myself."



Cooke sent his track-suit to the tailor with the following instructions:

I want my stripes, I want 'em,
I want 'em everywhere:
I want 'em on my trousers,
I want 'em in my hair,
I want 'em on my jockies,
My shirt and all of that,
And you can put in two or three
To tie around my hat.



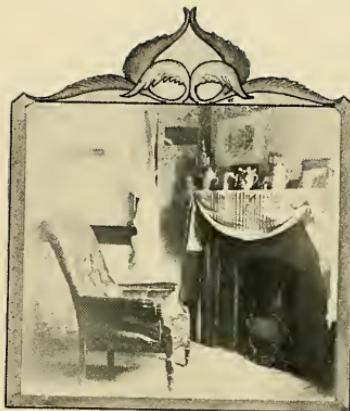
The Rutland Girl to P-----n.

"Just a bit of hair misplaced,"

Was all the maiden said.

"Just an eyebrow out of joint,"

And then she cut him dead.



The Vacant Chair.

To a Room-Mate.

The fire sheds its ruddy glow
Within; without the sleet and snow
Are falling fast, and darkness steals
Throughout the room; the light reveals
No face I love, the lurid glare
Illumines but an empty chair.

Ah! many years have come and gone
Since last we met; and now alone
I gaze on quaint, forgotten rhymes
Upon the walls; what happy times
We had in this old cozy room,
In this same dreamy twilight gloom!

Dear friend, I trust 'tis not in vain
To hope that we shall meet again;
That once again the stories old,
Which round this ruddy hearth were told,
Rehearsed shall be some future year
When you and I are sitting here.

A Naughty Little Sketch.

Four years before the time should come
When they should leave this spot,
There came upon the College grounds
The class of Naughty-Naught.

Indeed they were a naughty set;
The racket they would make
Would wake the dead, and, more than that,
Would keep them all awake.

A year and more went by, and then
The trouble just begun,
Was finished by another class,
And that a Naughty-One.

The record that they made remains,
They're quite well known to all—
Those dim and faded characters
That decorate the Hall.

And though no higher up they went,
Or labor sought to shirk,
The class of Naughty-One excelled
By more artistic work.

Another year went by. Ah me!
It is too sad, but true;
Another class was stranded here,
And that was Naughty-Two.

But how like kids they went to roost
When Naughty-One was out;
They disappeared like hunted rats
At our least little shout.

'Twas then we had a needed rest,
Nor could they us deceive;
The Freshmen never ventured out
Except by special leave.

When we the Junior class became,
The class so glad and free;
Our streaming banner then was held
Aloft by Naughty-Three.

Editorials.

As this the thirty-first volume of the "Index" is about to be placed before the public, the editors are brought to consider the work they have accomplished. Whatever may be the opinion of our fellow students, whatever may be the criticism of the alumni, we, the editors of this book, know that we have accomplished something.

We are of the opinion that hard work and honor go hand in hand throughout this wide, wide world. We wish to suggest to our many critics that they consider the following points before expressing their opinions:

First: We have certain ideas of what a college annual should be.

Second: We had to build our book to suit our means.

Third: We did not have unlimited spare time.

True, we had just one year, but like all the other "Index" Boards, we have done our work in the month before the book was sent to press. Many of the statistics could not be obtained until the last minute; the literary work is more nearly abreast of the times than if it had been written up earlier in the year.

We do not regret the hard work, for we have gained much in experience: but we lay down our pens with glad hearts, feeling that we have done our duty to our Class and to our College.



The Fraternity Conference.

For the past few years the Fraternities of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have indulged in a great deal of rival and hostile feeling towards each other. It was thought that this feeling of hostility would die out in time, but as the years went on and each fall term brought its influx of Freshmen, the old spirit sprang up with renewed energy. The different Fraternities needed new members, and they made a point of obtaining these members as soon as they possibly could. If a man could be pledged before he even reached the College, so much the better. But this scramble after Freshmen by the Fraternities had an exceedingly bad effect on the tone of the College. The Fraternities, as has been mentioned, were inducing the Freshmen to join them. A Senior or a Junior did not seem to think that he was lowering his dignity by helping a stranger and a Freshman in a manner in which he would not deign to do for even his own classmates.

Freshmen are sometimes not as green as they are made out to be; they even have a certain amount of common sense. The object of these Fraternity-men is often very evident to them, and they lose their respect for upper-class men. In this way the Freshman begins to think that he is a very important personage at college. Why shouldn't he? Hobnobbing with Seniors—suppers from Juniors—he does as he pleases, in fact. He is all-powerful with everybody except the Sophomore, and the Sophomore may possibly be induced to stay his hand when raised against a prospective Fraternity member.

This unfortunate state of affairs was realized, not only by the students and alumni, but by the Faculty as well. With a view to obliterating these evils from the career of the Freshman, the Fraternity Conference was organized. Each Fraternity was represented by a graduate and two undergraduates. Rules were drawn up and approved of by the several Fraternities. By these rules the Freshmen are not to be pledged until the first day of the winter term. This is very important. It enables the upper-class men to preserve their dignity as befitting their rank. Little notice is taken of the Freshmen except by the Sophomores, and the former are thus allowed to maintain their equilibrium. Further the Freshman perceives that the Fraternities are not troubling themselves about him, and he begins to find out that this College is run by the Faculty and not by the Freshman class, as has sometimes been the case in former years; and if he is not on his best behavior he may not be admitted into a Fraternity at all. Undoubtedly the first term of the Freshman year has a vast influence on a college-man's life, both in the years spent at college and in those remaining after he has passed from the protection of those walls of learning. A good start is everything, and unless he gets it as a Freshman, it is doubtful if he ever will.

Not only has the Fraternity Conference the supervision of the pledging of Freshmen, but it is also expected to exert an influence on the social welfare of the College. The work of the conference is of a delicate nature, but there is no doubt that it is now filling in a gap that has been widening for years.



Compulsory Sunday Chapel.

The action of the Faculty in establishing voluntary chapel on Sundays, is a forward step in this College towards broader and more liberal ideas on the subject of religion. Compulsory chapel is a relic of mediæval times, and has held a firm grip on colleges and schools for many centuries. The most peculiar part of compulsory religion is that colleges—the sources of learning—were not the first to agitate its abolition. A college of the modern type is supposed, at least, to be an institution for the distribution of truth and under-

standing. How can a man understand religion if it is forced upon him? Compulsory chapel is a decidedly narrow view of religion. Mankind requires a religion—a belief—to occupy the mind, but it is a thing that will not bear forcing. Man is not to be bullied into it. He is an obstinate creature in this respect, especially in this enlightened age, and he may be compelled to submit to the form of religious worship, but the real object of his forced attendance at church is defeated.

Last spring it became very evident to the Faculty that College Chapel on Sunday was not in popular favor. A beautiful, balmy Sabbath morning in the spring of the year is not exactly the best time to listen to a learned and lengthy discussion of the Gospel. In fact this opinion was held by about 95 per cent. of the whole body of students. The Faculty realized this, and it woke up one Sunday—after an extra long sermon by a noted divine—with the idea that it must do something. That something took shape in a flood of letters bearing this inscription: "Having incurred unexcused absences from Sunday Chapel cannot incur others this term."

Who could refuse such a polite and feeling reminder, and so kindly meant? Yet some did. Some were so obstinate as to say they would not be compelled to attend religious services, it being against their principle, and so unfeeling as to insinuate that the Faculty was a pack of hypocrites and narrow-minded bigots. It was unanimously decided by the learned body that something must be done with these delinquents. It was a direct insult to their station to have their intelligence doubted. It was therefore determined after many secret sessions that the dignity of the Faculty required that these scoffers should be actually expelled from the College. Think of that! Expelled from a college for refusing to be compelled to attend religious worship. Expulsion is a very serious thing and should be practiced only in the most extreme cases. Was this an extreme case? If one of these men was asked why he had left the Massachusetts Agricultural College before finishing his course and the whole facts of the case made public, would it raise our Faculty in the opinion of the free-thinking world?

But this, fortunately, did not take place. The members of the Faculty, realizing that the world is progressing, and that modern civilization demands that all men be allowed free expression of their beliefs, receded from their previous position and revoked their sentence.

We admire a man who, finding himself in the wrong, acknowledges it, but how much more do we admire the man who not only shows to the world his mistake, but endeavors to remedy that mistake to the best of his power. By this action of the abolition of compulsory chapel on Sundays, the members of the Faculty have proved to us that they are worthy of our highest esteem and respect, and that their views are broad and liberal, and based on the principle of freedom, and that they are devoted to the welfare of the College.

Athletics.

The past year in athletics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College may be considered to be only partly successful. The introduction of basket-ball as a college sport and the success of the reorganized track-team, did not much more than compensate for the disbandment of the baseball-team.

Basket-ball—introduced by the Class of 1901—made an ineffectual effort to assert itself in the winter of '98, but last winter the game received the proper support due to it, and many interesting contests took place in the Drill Hall. But there—the only place available—the lack of heat greatly cooled the ardor of the players. If the College authorities have no more interest in the athletics of this College and the health of the students than to have the place heated, they should have turned the key altogether, rather than allow such risks to be run by men exercising in a temperature anywhere from five to ten degrees below freezing. Exercise during the winter months is an absolute necessity if college-men are to be kept in good health. There is very little to choose between catching all kinds of ills from perspiring in an ice-cold hall, or by breaking one's health from inaction.

The baseball-team had many troubles. The inability of the managers to secure games was instanced as an excuse by the men for not training to play out what few games were scheduled. Dissatisfaction arose, and it was decided to disband the team.

In track-athletics M. A. C. came to the front with a rush. This branch of athletics had been dropped for a year, for no very good reason, and some difficulty was experienced in starting it again. However, owing to the perseverance of one of our athletic professors, a meet was arranged with Williston Seminary, and won by M. A. C. with an overwhelming score. The result of this meet has demonstrated to our students and alumni that track-athletics in this College should be developed to their fullest extent. To do this properly the men should begin preparatory training in the Drill Hall during the winter. But we need heat; it is absolutely necessary. Up-to-date ideas demand that the College authorities sacrifice some of their pet schemes for spending, and, instead, supply a common need of the whole body of students. What does the brain accomplish without a healthy body to support it? A healthy body is benefited by exercise, but exercise is not beneficial under the conditions stated above. Another thing needed, although not so important, is light. This matter could be very easily remedied, and it has been a matter of comment why it has not been done. A removable soft-wood running-track with raised corners and some gymnasium apparatus could also be supplied at small cost.

With these acquisitions it would be possible to hold indoor athletic meets throughout the winter. The sprinters would become quick at starting,

the middle and long distance runners would gain endurance, the shot-putters could practice form, while the jumpers and hurdlers could make themselves proficient in their events, which proficiency comes only with long-continued practice. It is doubtful if there is in this country a college claiming to give a man a general education that has a more disreputably fitted up gymnasium than this—the State College of Massachusetts.

Coming down to the fine point, the athletic teams of the Massachusetts Agricultural College do wonderfully well considering the size and athletic facilities of the College. We are greatly handicapped by the lack of an athletic field, by funds, and by a dormant alumni, yet we frequently put into the field teams equal in strength to those of other colleges many times our numerical superior.



The Foot-Ball Season.

The subject of athletics would be incomplete if we were to omit special mention of the meritorious work of the football-team this fall. Unquestionably the team put into the field this year has been the most successful in the history of the College. Its success is due to the excellent schedule provided by the manager, and to the perfect harmony existing among the players. The lack of fraternity feeling was very noticeable, and was probably due to the influence of the Fraternity Conference organized last spring. Another thing that aided greatly to the improvement of the team was the conscientious work of the "scrub." The 'varsity receives all the praise of a successful season, but it should not be forgotten that it is the "scrub" that makes the 'varsity what it is. The "Index" wishes to compliment the "scrub" on its persevering work this fall.

In a total of ten games we were victorious in seven. Our crowning victory was the defeat of Amherst College, 6-0. We are proud of this result, because we realize that in winning from a college so well known in athletics as Amherst, we bring ourselves a step more prominently before the collegiate world. The game at Pratt field was played in a drizzling rain, and in an ocean of mud. The only score was made by Captain Halligan going through a hole opened by Cooke, dodging the opposing half-back and making a touch-down, Barry kicking a goal. The game was remarkably free from any signs of ungentlemanly conduct, and was foot-ball from kick-off to time called.

Perhaps the most pleasing outcome of the foot-ball season was the defeat of Williston, 17-0. "Williston luck" received more or less of a setback from the track-team last spring, and the foot-ball men considered it of the utmost necessity that the good work be continued.

The College showed that it appreciated the efforts of its representatives on the gridiron by voting to present each man with a sweater.



New Rules.

Hitherto the rules regarding the qualifications necessary for wearing the M. A. C. had been solely unwritten laws. This was not considered sufficient, and the Athletic Board advisedly introduced several new rules, the substance of the more important being as follows: That the initial letter of the College be M. instead of M. A. C. as formerly. The reason for this was because M. A. C. is often taken by outsiders to stand for an athletic club, while a single letter is generally associated with some college. M. stands for Massachusetts, the state which we represent, and in this we would be following the example set by all the other agricultural and state colleges. M. also is much neater in appearance than M. A. C., and being one letter contains more force than would three. It is to be hoped that the College will adopt a new yell for *Massachusetts*, and give to agriculture in connection with our athletics a less prominent place. Is there any sense in introducing into our yells one of our subjects of study and entirely neglecting the State that supports and owns the College? Massachusetts is far more dignified and appropriate.

As to those qualified to wear the M.: In base-ball and foot-ball—all members of the teams who have played in at least three games of the regular schedule. In track-athletics—all members of the track-team who win at least three points in a dual meet, and one point in a meet where more than two colleges are involved. Also the managers and captains, by virtue of their office, may wear the M. The official sweater is to be of a dark maroon color with a white M. The caps are to be of the same color with a white M., and some attachment to designate the different teams. These and many other rules recently adopted by the Athletic Board, will, we hope, put athletics in this College on a firm basis.



"Esprit de Corps."

If we consider for a moment some great idea animating a body of people, an idea which brings to the surface those qualities which work for one common end, the uplifting, the ennobling, the best interests of a community, then we begin to get some conception of the French phrase, "*esprit de corps*."

Incidents are daily occurring the world over which bring forcibly to mind the value of "*esprit de corps*." Consider New York's welcome to Admiral

Dewey; it is an excellent example of "*esprit de corps*." It was grand, and it was inspiring. It is an unwritten law among the people of England that when danger threatens the country, all governmental opposition is at an end, all political differences lie dormant, and the entire effort of the people is toward the support of the government. This is the "*esprit de corps*" of a nation that forms the bulwark of the gigantic British Empire.

What is it that "*esprit de corps*" cannot accomplish? What college has not prospered under its influence? It should dominate every body of amalgamated students. But how often the contrary is the case! How often individual jealousies, petty quarrels, indifference, and careless lack of interest combine to utterly defeat a brilliant success. "*Esprit de corps*" arises from pride, and its ultimate end is success.

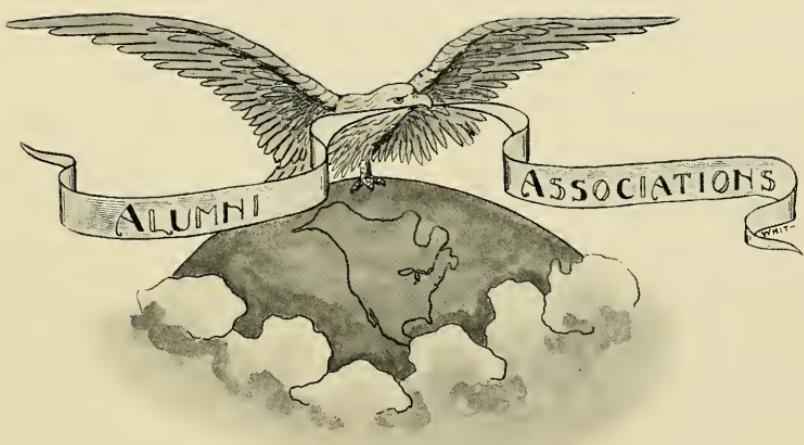
The honor and glory of an alma mater are perpetuated chiefly through her traditions. But traditions, as a rule, fail to transmit much beyond the success of popular heroes, and it is from "hero worship" that we get the very highest "*esprit de corps*." Turn over the pages of history; are not the names of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, Sheridan and Grant, and latest of all Dewey,—are not all these men the heroes who make tradition? Are they not the men who constitute the very essence of "*esprit de corps*"?

For years the college-world was full of the traditional Yale luck, and this tradition of victory was so strong among the wearers of the blue that their teams played with a spirit born of constant success and encouragement. This was because Yale could count among her alumni men who had made history.

At our own College we cannot recall any of our graduates who ever became very famous. Our College is young yet; we have no traditions, we have no heroes to worship among our alumni. Founded as firm as the state, protected by the Commonwealth, and supported by the nation, the "irony of fate" has kept her almost unnoticed. Is it strange, then, that the "*esprit de corps*" is not of the highest order?

Nothing can be accomplished without unity. "United we stand, divided we fall," is as true as a mathematical formula. And the union we need is a union of the whole College for the one common end—the sole benefit of the whole College. We censure the alumni for not combining heartily with the student body in their struggle for success. We complain of their lack of public interest. The College paper and the "*Index*" miss their financial support. The athletic teams lack their encouragement, and the college-roll of members, from year to year, grows no larger for their assistance. Their policy has been when a man is down to kick him, when he's up to pat him on the back.

We do not mean to dictate the duty of an alumnus, nor can we point out to the students the path to success. Any man is free to do as his conscience dictates. But we feel assured that the first advances on the part of the alumni would mean the beginning of success for M. A. C.



Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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ALUMNI CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Founded December 9, 1885.

Incorporated Nov. 11, 1890.

* *

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C. L. FLINT, '81.
C. WELLINGTON, '73.
W. H. CALDWELL, '87.
A. A. BRIGHAM, '78.
A. C. CURTIS, '94.

Alumni.

* Deceased.

'71.

ALLEN, GIDEON H., D. G. K., Bookkeeper and Journalist, 397 Union Street, New Bedford, Mass.
BASSETT, ANDREW L., Q. T. V., Pier 36, East River, New York City, Transfer Agent Central Vermont R. R. Co.
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CASWELL, LILLEY B., Athol, Mass., Civil Engineer.
COWLES, HOMER L., Amherst, Mass., Farmer.
ELLSWORTH, EMORY A., Q. T. V., Crescent Building, 7 Main Street, Holyoke, Mass., Architect and Civil Engineer.
FISHER, JABEZ F., D. G. K., Fitchburg, Mass., Bookkeeper Parkhill Manufacturing Co.
FULLER, GEORGE E., address unknown.
* HAWLEY, FRANK W., died October 28, 1883, at Belchertown, Mass.
* HERRICK, FREDERICK ST. C., D. G. K., died Jan. 19, 1884, at Lawrence, Mass.
LEONARD, GEORGE, LL.B., D. G. K., Springfield, Mass., Clerk of Court.
LYMAN, ROBERT W., LL.B., Q. T. V., Linden Street, Northampton, Mass., Registrar of Deeds.
* MORSE, JAMES H., died June 21, 1883, at Salem, Mass.
NICHOLS, LEWIS A., D. G. K., Agent for Power Plants, Real Estate, etc., Constructing Engineer, 1538 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.
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PAGE, JOEL B., D. G. K., Conway, Mass., Farmer.
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THOMPSON, EDGAR E., 37 Wellington Street, Worcester, Mass., Teacher.

*TUCKER, GEORGE H., died on Oct. 1st, 1899, at Spring Creek, Penn.

WARE, WILLARD C., 225 Middle Street, Portland, Me., Manager Boston & Portland Clothing Co.

WHEELER, WILLIAM, D. G. K., 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., Civil Engineer.

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'72.

BELL, BURLEIGH C., D. G. K., 1120 Harrison Street, San Francisco, Cal., Druggist.

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CLARK, JOHN W., Q. T. V., North Hadley, Mass., Farmer.

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CUTTER, JOHN C., M.D., D. G. K., 7 Gates Street, Worcester, Mass., Dermatologist.

*DYER, EDWARD N., died March 17, 1891, at Holliston, Mass.

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LIVERMORE, RUSSELL W., LL.B., Q. T. V., Pates, Roberson Co., N. C., Merchant and Manufacturer of Naval Stores.

MACKIE, GEORGE, M.D., D. V. S., Q. T. V., Attleboro, Mass., Physician.

MAYNARD, SAMUEL T., Amherst, Mass., Professor of Botany and Horticulture, Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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*SALISBURY, FRANK B., D. G. K., died '95, in Mashonaland, Africa.

SHAW, ELLIOT D., 46 Dwight Street, Holyoke, Mass., Florist.

SNOW, GEORGE H., Leominster, Mass., Farmer.

*SOMERS, FREDERICK M., Q. T. V., died Feb. 2, 1894, at Southampton, Eng.

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WELLS, HENRY, Q. T. V., 1410 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Real Estate.

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'73.

ELDRED, FREDERICK C., Sandwich, Mass., Cranberry and Poultry Raiser.
LELAND, WALTER S., D. G. K., Concord Junction, Mass., Teacher in Massachusetts Reformatory.
* LYMAN, ASAHEL H., D. G. K., died of pneumonia at Manistee, Mich., Jan. 16, 1896.
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MINOR, JOHN B., Q. T. V., 127 Arch Street, New Britain, Conn., Minor & Corbin, Manufacturers of Paper Boxes.
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WELLINGTON, CHARLES, Ph.D., D. G. K., Amherst, Mass., Associate Professor of Chemistry at Massachusetts Agricultural College.
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'74.

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* CURTIS, WOLFRED F., died November 8, 1878, at Westminster, Mass.
* DICKINSON, ASA W., D. G. K., 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., Dickinson, Thompson & McMaster, Lawyer.
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LIBBY, EDGAR H., Lewiston, Idaho, President Lewiston Water & Power Co.
* LYMAN, HENRY, died Jan. 19, 1879, at Middlefield, Conn.
MONTAGUE, ARTHUR H., Granby, Mass., Post Office South Hadley, Mass., Farmer.
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ZELLER, HARRIE MCK., 145 West Washington Street, Hagerstown, Md., Canvasser for Publishing House.

'75.

BARRETT, JOSEPH F., Φ . Σ . K., 29 Beaver Street, New York City, Traveling Salesman.
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*CLARK, ZENOS Y., Φ . Σ . K., died June 4, 1889, at Amherst, Mass.
*CLAY, JABEZ W., Φ . Σ . K., died Oct. 1, 1880, at New York City.
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WINCHESTER, JOHN F., D. V. S., Q. T. V., 392 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass., Veterinarian.

'76.

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MANN, GEORGE H., Sharon, Mass., Superintendent Cotton Duck Mills.
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PARKER, GEORGE L., 807 Washington Street, Dorchester, Mass., Florist.
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POTTER, WILLIAM S., D. G. K., La Fayette, Ind., Rice & Potter, Lawyer.
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SEARS, JOHN M., Ashfield, Mass., Farmer.
SMITH, THOMAS E., D. G. K., West Chesterfield, Mass., Hoop Manufacturer, H. B. Smith & Son.
TAFT, CYRUS A., Whitinsville, Mass., Agent for Whitinsville Machine Works.
* URNER, GEORGE P., D. G. K., died April, 1897, at Wisley, Mont., from effusion of blood on brain.
WETMORE, HOWARD G., M.D., 57 Tenth Street, New York City, Physician.
* WILLIAMS, JOHN E., died Jan. 18, 1890, at Amherst, Mass.

'77.

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BREWER, CHARLES, Holyoke, Mass., Farmer.
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HIBBARD, JOSEPH R., Stoughton, Wis., Farmer.
HOWE, WALDO V., Q. T. V., 28 Broad Street, Newburyport, Mass., Superintendent, Anna Jaques Hospital.
NYE, GEORGE E., D. G. K., care of Swift & Co., U. S. Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., Bookkeeper.
* PARKER, HENRY F., LL.B., died December 21, 1897, at Brooklyn, N. Y.; result of fall from bicycle, probably due to being run over by carriage.
PORTO, RAYMUNDO M. DA S., Φ . Σ K., Para, Brazil, Teacher.
* SOUTHMAYD, JOHN E., Φ . Σ K., died December 11, 1878, at Minneapolis, Minn.
WYMAN, JOSEPH, 52 to 70 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass., Clerk.
MILLS, JAMES K., D. G. K., Plymouth, Mass., Photographer.

'78.

BAKER, DAVID E., M.D., Φ . Σ K., 227 Walnut Street, Newtonville, Mass., Physician.
BOUTWELL, WILLIE L., Leverett, Mass., Farmer.
BRIGHAM, ARTHUR A., Ph.D., Φ . Σ K., Professor of Agriculture, R. I. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Kingston, R. I.
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FOOT, SANDFORD D., Q. T. V., Paterson, N. J., Vice-President and General Manager of Kearney & Foot Co., File and Rasp Manufacturers.

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MYRICK, LOCKWOOD, Hammonton, N. J., Farmer.

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'79.

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GREEN, SAMUEL B., D. G. K., St. Anthony Park, Minn., Professor of Horticulture at the College of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota.

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'80.

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STONE, ALMON H., Wareham, Mass.

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'82.

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'83.

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WHEELER, HOMER J., Ph.D., C. S. C., Kingston, R. I., Chemist, Rhode Island Experiment Station.

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'85.

ALLEN, EDWIN W., Ph.D., C. S. C., 1718 Corcoran Street, Washington, D. C., Vice-Director, Office of Experiment Stations.
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* LEARY, LEWIS C., died April 3, 1888, at Cambridge, Mass.
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'87.

ALMEIDA, AUGUSTO L. DE, D. G. K., Coffee Commission Merchant, Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

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CALDWELL, WILLIAM H., D. G. K., Peterboro, N. H., Secretary and Treasurer American Guernsey Cattle Club.

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FOWLER, FRED H., C. S. C., State House, Boston, Mass., First Clerk, State Board of Agriculture.

HOWE, CLINTON S., C. S. C., Marlboro, Mass., Farmer.

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FIELD, SAMUEL H., C. S. C., North Hatfield, Mass., Farmer.
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HOLT, JONATHAN E., C. S. C., Andover, Mass., Farmer.
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'89.

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'90.

BARRY, DAVID, Q. T. V., Amherst, Mass., Superintendent Electric Light Works.
* BLISS, CLINTON E., D. G. K., died Aug. 24, 1894, at Attleboro, Mass.
* CASTRO, ARTHUR DE M., D. G. K., died May 2, 1894, at Juiz de Flora, Minas, Brazil.
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MAGILL, CLAUDE A., Westfield, Mass., Thayer & Magill, Civil Engineers.
PAIGE, WALTER C., D. G. K., Henderson, Ky., General Secretary and Physical Director of Y. M. C. A.
RUGGLES, MURRAY, C. S. C., Milton, Mass., Superintendent of Electric Light Co.
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'93.

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WALKER, EDWARD J., C. S. C., Clinton, Mass., Farmer.

'94.

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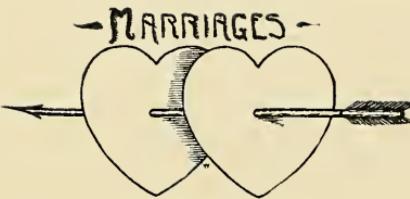
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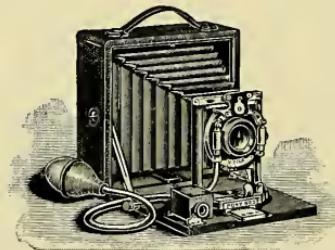
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